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HOLY WEEK IN SEVILLE: AN ANDALUSIAN GIRL INSPIRED WITH THE SPIRIT OF SEMANA SANTA.

Mr. Apperley says of his picture: "I have attempted to embody the spirit of the Semana Santa in Andalusia." This district is of particular interest now, as the Prince of Wales, it is reported, is to visit the King and Queen of Spain, arriving in Madrid on April 23, and will travel to Seville next day with the Spanish Royal Family, probably

for a week's stay at the Moorish Palace in that city, where he will attend race meetings and the famous Seville Fair. Mr. Apperley, who has made his home in Granada, is a British painter well known abroad. He is a great-grandson of "Nimrod" (C. J. Apperley), the celebrated sporting writer, and was educated at Uppingham.

FROM THE PAINTING, "LA SAETA," BY WYNNE APPERLEY, R.I. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE been reading with great interest and pleasure Mr. A. A. Baumann's collection of essays, "The Last Victorians." It would be affectation to pretend that I have been reading it with assent or agreement, for the author's point of view in politics is exactly that which I have never been able to imagine myself adopting. It is the attitude of the reactionary who wishes to recover what is not really worth recovering. It may be nonsense to see the boys of the future as young Greek gods out of the past. It may be all moonshine to imagine a modern man as a mediæval knight, watching his armour or winning his spurs. But these images, though in themselves lost, do stand for ideals that are lasting. But to propose that the modern man should go on for ever wearing peg-top trousers and Piccadilly weepers, in the exact fashion of some of the heroes of Trollope, would be quite a different matter. And to suppose that the particular Parliamentary convention that prevailed under Queen Victoria could ever have been a permanent ideal for men, or even for Englishmen, is to immortalise a triviality and an accident.

The thing that was defended sophistically by Burke and cynically by Bagehot had no principle of permanence. It was only a compromise falsely described as a constitution. It is the custom to describe a man like Mr. Baumann as an old Tory. But I think the description is too hasty—I had almost said too complimentary. Old Toryism did have an ideal and an intellectual principle; that was why it went into exile. It maintained the monstrous paradox that the King ought to be the King. I can quite understand the Cavalier, but I have never, for the life of me, been able to understand the Conservative. The Conservative seems to me to be always clinging to the last thing which the last Radical has forcibly tied him to. There is no possible reason, for instance, why a real Tory should always support the capitalism of the Manchester School against the discontent of Labour; but the Conservative almost invariably does. It is only just to say that on several points Mr. Baumann shows himself independent and superior to the mere Jingoism of his own party platform. He rightly praises the protest of Disraeli against barbaric vengeance after the Indian Mutiny, though he has rather too much tendency to praise Disraeli rightly or wrongly throughout. And he rightly condemns the debatable whitewashing of Rhodes and the rest in the Jameson Raid Inquiry. It was so very easy to see red in the one case and to paint the map red in the other that a Tory keeping any other colour may really be called a True Blue.

But the general criticism remains: that the sort of Constitutionalism which is worshipped by this sort of Conservative is not worth worshipping. It was not a religion or a loyalty or an idea of justice; it was one particular phase of mercantile plutocracy, as it passed from anarchy to monopoly. There was nothing in the social ideas of men like Lord Goschen that the world will ever want to recall. They had no plans for building a house, but only for patching one. They passed their lives in dreading democracy, without having the moral courage to save aristocracy. What preserves men in the memory of mankind is some sort of symbolic character, whereby they stand for ideas known to many men in many times and lands. It is the defect of reactionary opportunism that, with all its shrewdness, it does always miss the men who matter. Mr. Baumann shows this, for

example, in his strangely inadequate note on George Wyndham.

For instance, there is the foolish habit of talking of the "culture" of a man like Wyndham as if culture were something like cookery. But culture in that sense is not something more superficial than the normal, but something more fundamental. It is a knowledge of the roots and real origins; it is what the Roman poet meant by saying that he who knows the causes of things is happy. What raised George Wyndham above all the common politicians of his class and generation was that he knew what was outside

was conscious of the background, which is what constitutes a philosopher. Even the things he loved most, like England or chivalry, were things produced by history and having their place in it.

Thus he could understand Ireland, and, had he been allowed to do it, might have effected something by which Ireland might have gained almost as much and England lost much less. But people like Mr. Baumann were hovering round in large numbers—people who called him Celtic (whatever that may mean), and thought that anybody who was fond of poetry could hardly be a real countryman of Shakespeare. Mr. Baumann solemnly says, almost in so many words, that Wyndham ought not to have been made Secretary for Ireland because he had some friendly feeling towards the people he was to govern. That people, apparently, ought only to be governed by its enemies. At least he either means that, or else he means that it is a positive disadvantage for a ruler that he is likely to be a popular ruler. He says, with the utmost simplicity, that Wyndham's inheritance of the blood of the Fitzgeralds ought alone to have barred him from political influence over Ireland. I do not quite see why the same principle should not be applied to England. It must be a relief to the critic to know that a great many men of the first political influence in England have certainly no trace of a dangerous English ancestry. There are plenty of politicians with foreign names or Oriental nationalities who cannot be disqualified by descent from the Normans in England, as was Wyndham by descent from the Normans in Ireland.

A good example of the inability to understand another culture from the inside is Mr. Baumann's sneer at Parnell's pride of birth, and his suggestion of the absurdity of supposing that the Parnells could be as good as the Cavendishes. The principal difference, as a matter of history, is that some of the English landlords have been very rich and many of the Irish landlords have been comparatively poor. But the quality of which the critic speaks was not peculiar to Parnell; it was part of a general characteristic of the Irish nation, and affords an excellent example of how such characteristics can be recognised, whether they are praised or blamed. The family, for good or evil, plays an overwhelming part in Ireland. In comparison, so far as aristocracy goes, it might be said that our families are

fictions. It matters very little in England whether a new or an old family rules a countryside, so long as one family rules a thousand families. In Ireland it matters supremely what families they are. We have been ruled by rank, but not by pedigree. We have been brought up to worship aristocracy, but not genealogy. The political function of the Cavendishes has counted enormously, but it would not have counted any less if some creditor or solicitor or adopted nephew called Cadge had been quietly called Cavendish. Ireland is much more realistic in actually basing its heraldry upon heredity. Now it is quite possible to have different tastes about those different types. It is quite reasonable to regret the Irish clannishness and prefer the English opportunism. Wyndham used to say that the Irish were not democratic; and I think I should prefer them democratic, even where he preferred them aristocratic. But to see such differences only as an opportunity for a dig at poor Parnell is to be lacking in the sense of history.

A Special Announcement to our Readers

IN next week's Issue (dated April 23) we are reproducing—in Full Colours and in Monochrome—a remarkable series of unpublished photographs of

The Secrets of Tutankhamen's Store Room

We can safely claim that the wonderful objects equal in artistic execution and historical interest any that have previously been shown in our pages.

We would specially call the attention of our readers to the

Colour Reproductions of

1. THE SUPERB GOLD STATUETTE OF TUTANKHAMEN ON A BLACK LEOPARD;
 2. THE BEAUTIFUL BLACK-NECKED AND GOLDEN BROWED COW GODDESS, REPRESENTING DAY AND NIGHT;
 3. THE WONDERFUL OSTRICH FEATHER FAN OF THE KING;
- In addition will be found reproductions of the following:
4. TUTANKHAMEN AS HORUS, THE AVENGER: A PROTOTYPE OF THE LEGEND OF OUR PATRON SAINT, ST. GEORGE; and
 5. THE INSIGNIA OF HONORIFIC ORDERS.

This issue will contain, in addition to the above, many other interesting works of art found in the Store Chamber and illustrated for the first time in "The Illustrated London News."

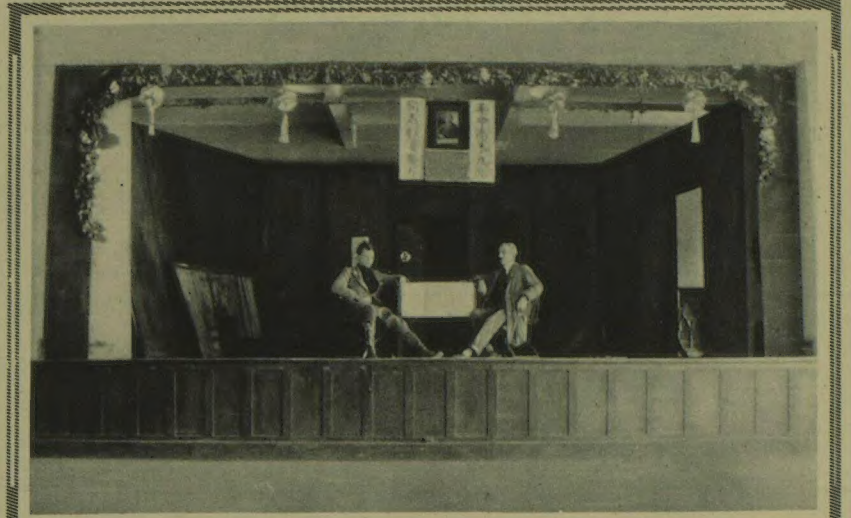
We would warn our readers that the interest of the reproductions in the next issue may make it difficult to procure copies unless they are ordered early from their Newsagents, or from the Publishing Office, 16 Essex Street, Strand. All Subscribers will, of course, receive their copies as usual; all who are interested are, therefore, invited to take out subscriptions (12 months, Inland, £3 4s.; Canada, £3 1s.8d.; Elsewhere Abroad, £3 11s. 4d.), which will ensure that this and other issues of similar interest will not be missed.

and beyond, and especially behind, politics. There was a great deal in his views with which I do not in the least agree. But they were long views, down the perspective of the ages and out to the ends of the earth; and that is what is really meant by culture. If he defended aristocracy, he was not making a platform speech for the House of Lords: he was advancing a theory about the military function of the Counts of the Holy Roman Empire. If he believed in the British Empire, he did not (like poor Rhodes) make an ignorant hash of Yankees and Prussians and call it the English-Speaking Race. If anybody could have saved these temporary notions, and touched them with something of the eternal, it was he; precisely because he was not merely what we call in England a practical politician. He was too practical to be a politician. He saw the human realities too clearly to sustain the high and arduous level of unreality. Above all, he could not be provincial, which is what is commonly meant by being practical. He

LOOTING THAT CAUSED EVACUATION OF YANGTZE TOWNS; AND PEKING LEGATIONS.



1. THE RIVER HOME OF FOREIGN TRADERS DRIVEN OUT BY THE CANTONESE AT KIUKIANG: THE S.S. "KIANGWO," PROTECTED BY THE DESTROYER "WILD SWAN" ALONGSIDE.



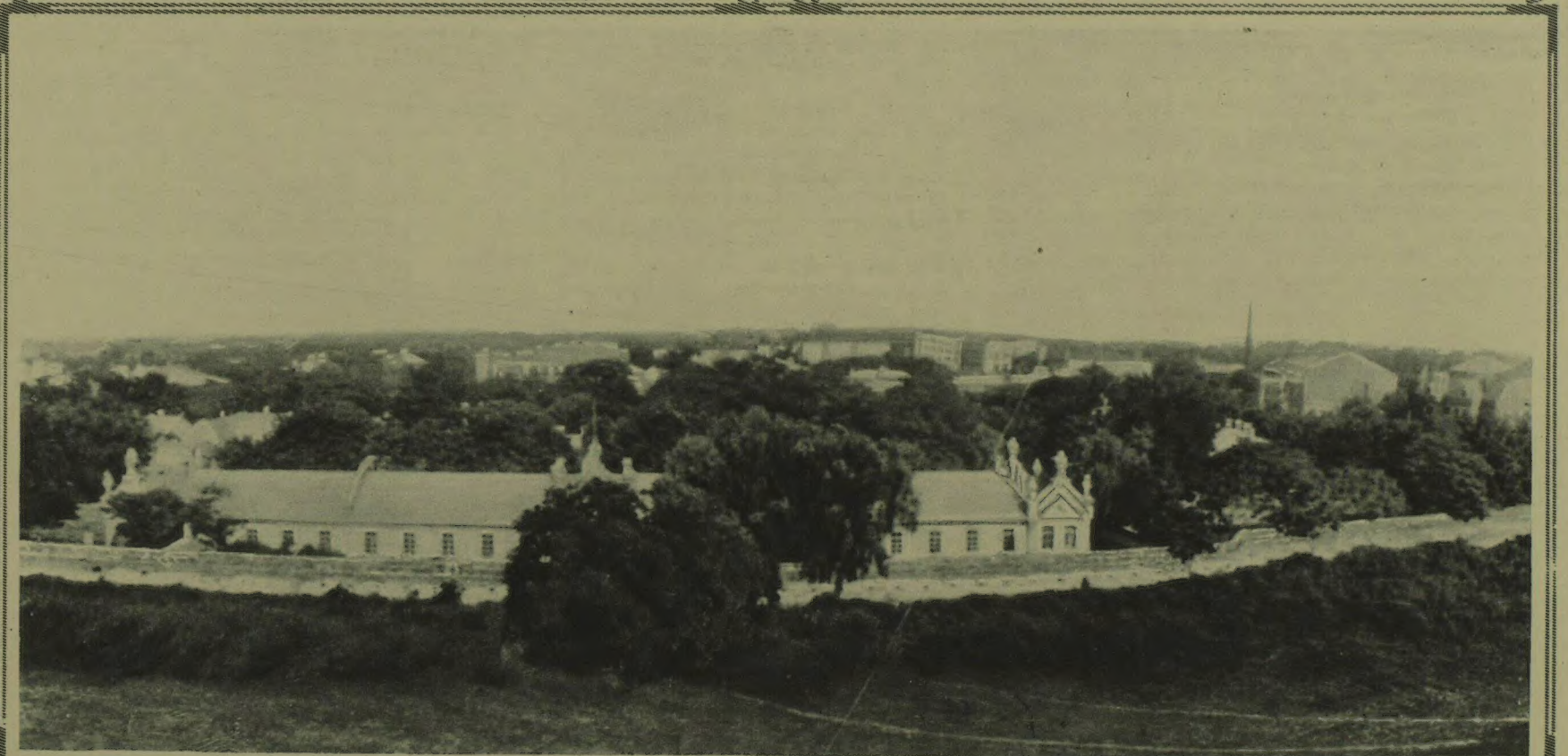
2. THE MUNICIPAL HALL AT KIUKIANG AFTER ITS SEIZURE BY THE CANTONESE: THE PLATFORM ARRANGED FOR NATIONALIST MEETINGS, WITH A PORTRAIT OF SUN YAT-SEN.



3. GOOD CAUSE FOR THE DECISION TO EVACUATE CIVILIANS FROM UP-RIVER TOWNS ON THE YANGTZE: RANSACKED BED-ROOMS IN A LOOTED MISSION HOUSE AT KIUKIANG.



4. A BED-ROOM IN A FOREIGN HOUSE AT KIUKIANG AFTER THE CANTONESE LOOTERS HAD RANSACKED IT: A SCENE TYPICAL OF NUMBERLESS OUTRAGES THERE AND ELSEWHERE.



5. THE SCENE OF THE RECENT RAID BY THE PEKING POLICE ON RUSSIAN PREMISES ADJOINING THE SOVIET EMBASSY, RESULTING IN THE ARREST OF 22 RUSSIANS AND 75 CHINESE: THE LEGATION QUARTER AT PEKING, SHOWING THE SOVIET EMBASSY (CENTRE) AND THE BRITISH LEGATION (EXTREME LEFT).

That there was good cause for the decision to evacuate the up-river places on the Yangtze is evident from the typical scenes of looting shown in some of these photographs just arrived from China. A Reuter telegram from Shanghai published on April 8 stated that the British gunboats, Consuls, and the rest of the British communities at Chungking, Ichang, Changsha, and Chenglin had been brought down to Hankow. Kiukiang is lower down the river, between Hankow and Shanghai. The full description of the first photograph is: (1) "S.S. 'Kiangwo' has been chartered by the Admiralty to lie anchored in the Yangtze River off Kiukiang. Representatives of Kiukiang foreign firms driven off the shore by the

Chinese live in this steamer. The destroyer 'Wild Swan' is lashed alongside for their protection." Describing the looted drawing-room of a foreign house in the British Concession at Kiukiang, our correspondent says: "The looting was done by Cantonese soldiers while their officers looked on." On April 6 a force of 300 armed military and police raided Russian premises adjoining the Soviet Embassy in Peking, and arrested 22 Russians and 75 Chinese. The Ankuochun (Northern Allies' Army) authorities stated that documents seized provided overwhelming evidence that the Soviet Union was deeply involved in plots to overthrow law and order in North China. The Soviet Government afterwards presented a Note of protest to Peking.

THE CHILDREN OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION.

By LANCELOT LAWTON, Author of "The Russian Revolution."

IN reading over the reviews of my book, "The Russian Revolution," I find that the section describing the children of the Revolution has attracted much attention. I am not surprised at this, for the child of Soviet Russia is an amazing type. The Revolution was a moral and material cataclysm which wrecked every home in Russia, and shattered ordinary family life. Millions of little children became orphans and were thrown into the world to fight for themselves.

The turmoil of revolution was in itself enough to scar the lives of the young, but it was largely the ideas preached by the Bolsheviks which accomplished the ruin of a whole generation. These ideas were addressed in particular to the youth of the country, for Bolshevism aimed at the creation of a new world to be populated by a race of new men. It was said, "There is no God . . . when the body dies the soul disappears too." It is an offence to teach religion in the schools, punishable by hard labour for a maximum of two years. Atheism is the State doctrine; Christianity and religion of all kinds are officially reviled.

A little Russian child of my acquaintance recently came to London and was taken to church. Afterwards she was asked: "What do you think of it?"

"It is opium for the people," she solemnly replied in the language of propaganda.

In Soviet Russia, children are deliberately set

some bordering on idiocy, whilst others have had their wits so sharpened by collision with life that they have become dangerous enemies of society. This problem is the most terrible ulcer on the Soviet Union's body."

Most of these children have committed every vice that it is possible for a human being to commit. They drink vodka, take drugs, gamble, smoke, and steal. The official criminal records of one district describe the trial of some children who had killed, roasted, and eaten their sister. Few of the vagrants have escaped consumption, and large numbers are suffering from loathsome diseases. Many have become prematurely old and wrinkled. Could anything be more sad than to see little children with the experienced, puffed-out faces of middle-aged *roués*? If to look at them is pitiful, to talk with them is still more so. And the things that they say sound all the more terrible because they are said with an air of childish boastfulness. "I am sick of women." "I know the world." "If you don't rob, you don't live." The delirium of revolution is still in their baby heads. "He's a 'bour-joui'; he ought to be shot!"

Phrases of this kind are frequently on their lips. The shooting of men is regarded by them with no more horror than the killing of bugs. They do not know what evil is; for them there is no evil.

Many boys have journeyed thousands of miles, all over European Russia and Siberia, hiding themselves under the seats of railway compartments, or in the corners of railway wagons. When I asked several how they got a livelihood during their travels, they answered quite frankly, "I robbed, of course." These waifs belong to all classes; many of them bear the names of noble families. Most of them lost their parents early in the Revolution, nine years ago, and have been living on their wits ever since. The Bolsheviks have established special homes for their reception, where they are brought up

casualties resulting from the clash of these bands equalled those sustained in important engagements during the Great War. A few months ago some young Communists were sentenced to be shot in Leningrad for having murdered and outraged a young girl. Their plea of innocence was a naïve assertion that they had done nothing unusual, nothing that their comrades

were not in the habit of doing. Thus proof of the degeneration of the youth of Russia came from its own lips.

As a consequence of senseless propaganda, many young Communists came to regard marriage as a bourgeois prejudice. A young Communist girl wrote a letter to a Bolshevik newspaper in which she complained that she was being pursued by a young man who told her that love and marriage were stupid bourgeois inventions, and that the true Marxian paid no heed to such nonsense. Whereupon the bewildered girl asked: "Can it be that men and women were born to behave like beasts?" And M. Lunarchsky, the Commissar of Education, repeated the words which Lenin first uttered, that the Communist youth regarded sexual relationship with no more

seriousness than the drinking of a glass of water. Hundreds of little girls, whilst still of school age, have become mothers, and there are numerous child-patients in the hospitals suffering from venereal diseases. Marriages and divorces of children as young as fourteen years have been known.

The Bolsheviks are now honestly affrighted at the depravity of youth. They realise that their teachings have been misunderstood; but this realisation comes too late in the day. The spiritual failure of the Revolution is complete and irretrievable. In the long history of human error, has there been any-



WAIFS IN THE STREETS OF MOSCOW: SOME OF THE "HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WHO HAVE DEGENERATED INTO A STATE OF SEMI-SAVAGERY" IN RUSSIA AS A RESULT OF BOLSHEVISM.

Reproduced from "The Russian Revolution" (1917-1926). By Lancelot Lawton. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.



"MOST OF THESE HAVE COMMITTED EVERY VICE. . . THEY DRINK VODKA, TAKE DRUGS, GAMBLE, SMOKE, AND STEAL": ABANDONED CHILDREN IN MOSCOW—TYPICAL PRODUCTS OF THE BOLSHEVIK WAR ON RELIGION AND THE FAMILY.

Reproduced from "The Russian Revolution" (1917-1926). By Lancelot Lawton. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan.

against parents. The Bolsheviks do not deny that their purpose is to destroy the present organisation of the family, and to place children under the sole guardianship of the State. Not long ago some Communist children wrote in the *Isvestia* (a State newspaper): "We the godless ones are waging active war against our religious parents"; whilst the pupils of an elementary school sent this note: "We understand what it is to be Pioneers (Communist children). They are the chaps who believe in neither God nor devil, and who do not wear crosses."

It is a common practice for children to speak at public meetings, and sometimes these child orators denounce their parents as exploiters and counter-revolutionaries. Instances have occurred where children summoned parents to meetings and delivered Communist speeches to them.

The plight of the orphans of the Revolution is unimaginably bad. At least a million and a half of them are homeless. In the town these vagabond boys and girls roam about in groups; in the country they scamper wild over the steppe like packs of wolves. When night comes they huddle into deserted doorways, or squeeze themselves into sewer-pipes, whilst large numbers take shelter amongst the tombstones in the cemeteries. Often in the winter—the Russian winter—their covering consists of no more than old newspapers. Recently a number of them were found living like beasts, together with thieves and prostitutes, in an underground cellar in Leningrad; they had made it their home since the beginning of the Revolution.

"Hundreds of thousands of children," said M. Lunarchsky, the Bolshevik Commissar of Education, "have degenerated into a state of semi-savagery,

according to the teachings of Marx and Lenin. Some of these institutions, which I visited, are clean and well conducted; but many—and here I am quoting from an official report—are dilapidated, filthy, and disease-ridden.

The Socialist State is poverty-stricken, and cannot afford to extend the scope of its welfare work. Consequently, as I have said, more than a million children are still homeless. Even the lot of those children who have parents is indescribably sad. In many towns, home life, as we understand it, has ceased to exist. Living-space is severely rationed; it is a rule, not an exception, for a large family to be herded together in one room; often a dozen or more women are cooking at one and the same time in a small kitchen. Imagine a dozen primus stoves blazing away together! Imagine all the quarrels and irritations inseparable from such a life—Communism in the reality and not as in the pamphlets!

Is it any wonder that the country is terrorised by hooliganism? Dr. Siemashko, the energetic and capable Commissar of Health, recently spoke of a large town in the Crimea which had passed over to the complete domination of hooligans. In one province the hooligans formed a society, the avowed purpose of which was to exalt and to spread the philosophy of hooliganism amongst their young comrades. A recent issue of the "Red Paper" contains an account of the wholesale demolition of peasant houses by bands of hooligans; and it is added that the



THE "CRY OF THE CHILDREN" IN SOVIET RUSSIA: A TYPICAL PAIR FROM AMONG THE MILLION AND A HALF HOMELESS ORPHANS.

Photograph by Courtesy of Mr. Lancelot Lawton.

thing more sinister and tragic than this debauch of the youth of a nation? In their light-headed, demagogic speeches the Bolshevik politicians exhorted the rising generation to free itself. Free itself! What for? To commit crime and indulge in vice. And now these same politicians, to save themselves and their wretched system, and to protect peaceful Soviet citizens, are forced to shoot these little monsters whom their teachings have created.

A "RED-LETTER DAY" IN THE SALE-ROOM: THE MURRAY COLLECTION.



"LES DEUX DANSEUSES," BY EDGARD DEGAS: A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF THE GREAT FRENCH IMPRESSIONIST, IN THE FORTHCOMING AUCTION SALE OF SIR JAMES MURRAY'S COLLECTION.



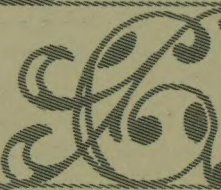
"PADRE ALBERA," BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.: A FLORENTINE LOGGIA, WITH FIGURES OF SIR WILLIAM RICHMOND AND LADY RICHMOND (FOREGROUND) AND MR. W. G. DE GLEHN, A.R.A. (CENTRE BACKGROUND).



"LE WAGON DE TROISIÈME CLASSE," BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-79): THE INTERIOR OF A TYPICAL FRENCH RAILWAY CARRIAGE OF THE 'SEVENTIES.



"THE ROSCOMMON DRAGOON," BY SIR WILLIAM ORPEN, R.A.: AN INTERESTING PICTURE BY ONE OF THE MOST EMINENT AMONG LIVING BRITISH PAINTERS.



"GOING TO SCHOOL"—MARIE BASKIRTSCHOFF WHEN A GIRL, BY J. BASTIEN-LEPAGE (1848-84): A PICTURE PAINTED AT DAMVILLERS IN 1882.



The dispersal of Sir James Murray's important collection of modern paintings and drawings is announced to take place at Christie's on April 29, the day of the Royal Academy Private View, and reserved by custom in the famous King Street auction rooms for a sale of exceptional interest. Sir James Murray, who was formerly M.P. (Liberal) for East Aberdeenshire, has since 1901 been Chairman of the Aberdeen Art Gallery Committee, and was the prime mover in making it one of the best municipal galleries in the kingdom. His interest in that institution led to a turning-point in his own career as an art-collector. In 1905 he invited to Aberdeen for a week a hundred eminent artists, writers,

and gallery curators from Europe and America. The result was a great stimulus to the public gallery, but some chagrin to himself, for out of all his own collection, as it then was, only one picture—a Monticelli—won general commendation. As a 'connoisseur, however, he profited by this experience, and built up the new and representative collection that he has decided to sell. In 1911 he bought one of Sargent's finest works; and he has since added excellent examples of the leading modern British painters, including Sir William Orpen, Augustus John, and Frank Brangwyn, besides many foreign pictures, among them works by Millet, Daumier, Matthew Maris, Bastien-Lepage, and Van Gogh.

"THE CHESS-PLAYER": A DRAMATIC FRENCH "ROBOT" FILM

OF 18TH CENTURY POLAND TO BE SEEN IN LONDON.

MANY of our readers are fond of chess problems, but M. Capablanca himself might be disconcerted by such an opponent as the one who gives the title to "The Chess-Player," a dramatic film spectacle produced by the French Société des Films Historiques, which will on April 25 begin a run at the Capitol Theatre in London under the auspices of Pathé Frères Cinema, Ltd. The story, as told by M. Raymond Bernard from the novel by M. Henry Dupuy-Mazuel, may be abridged as follows: "The scene is laid at Vilna in 1776. Poland has just been annexed by Russia. The Empress Catherine II. is trying to reconcile the antagonistic nations by forming two Russo-Polish regiments, one of which is garrisoned at Vilna. Its colonel is a young Pole, Count Boleslas Vorowski, and its lieutenant-colonel is Prince Serge Oblonsky, a Russian nobleman. The two young men are friends, but Serge knows Boleslas is only awaiting an opportunity to head a revolt. . . . A lonely house is inhabited by a strange person. . . ."

(Continued in Box 2.)



THE EMPRESS CATHERINE (MME. CHARLES DULLIN), ATTENDED BY HER "FOOL," OLGA (Mlle. ALEXIANNE), HAS A GAME WITH THE BARON'S CHESS-PLAYING AUTOMATON, WHICH CONCEALS THE FUGITIVE HERO, BOLESLAS VOROWSKI.



"THE AUTOMATON WHICH BARON DE KEMPELE CONCEALS FROM EVERY EYE": A SCENE FROM "THE CHESS-PLAYER," SHOWING M. CHARLES DULLIN AS THE "ANDROID"-"MAKING BARON (ON LEFT).



MAJOR NICOLAIEFF (M. CAMILLE BERT, LEFT OF TWO IN CENTRE), WHILE SEARCHING THE BARON'S HOUSE, SETS IN MOTION A REGIMENT OF AUTOMATON SOLDIERS, WHO ADVANCE ON HIM WITH DRAWN SWORDS.

was a fife at the Vorowski Palace. . . . Sophie, despite her patriotic zeal, is in love with Prince Serge Oblonsky, though he is a Russian. . . . Meanwhile there is trouble in the military club. It starts with a stormy game of chess between Boleslas and the Russian Major Nicolaieff, who is a violent and irritable sot. When Wanda comes to dance at the club, some Russian officers insult her. Boleslas draws his sword. There is a general scrimmage. The signal of revolt is given. Vilna will drive out the hated oppressor. . . . The Poles are conquered by numbers. Boleslas has disappeared during the fighting. He fell into the swamps that surround the town, and all think him dead. At nightfall, however, he is rescued by Baron Kempele. Boleslas, whose legs have been fractured by a bullet, is now lying in a secret room. Sophie looks after him. . . . The Empress puts a price on the head of Boleslas, and condemns to death anyone who gives him shelter. Baron Kempele realises that it will be impossible for him to hide the young man long. No escape is possible, as Boleslas cannot walk. Suddenly the Baron has an idea. He rushes to his studio, and quickly sketches an enormous Turk crouching on a box in front of a chess-board, takes one of his puppets, puts a turban on it, works a complicated mechanism inside a box, and hands Sophie a placard on which she reads: 'To-day at the fair Baron Kempele will exhibit the marvel of the century: the automaton chess-player who will beat all adversaries.' The renown of the puppet soon reaches Warsaw, whither King Stanislas

(Continued on Box 4.)



BARON DE KEMPELE (RIGHT) SUPPORTING THE WOUNDED BOLESLAS (M. PIERRE BLANCHARD) AT THE BACK OF THE CHESS-PLAYING AUTOMATON MADE UP AS A TURK.

Woeilgang, Baron de Kempele. . . . Shut up in his solitary dwelling, he has devoted himself to a strange business, making automatons which have not only a human appearance, but move and act like real human beings. He calls them his 'androids'. . . . Among them are many soldiers, armed with swords, which they can brandish in a most terrible fashion, and which the humanitarian inventor hopes to substitute one day for the soldiers of flesh and blood. By order of the Empress Catherine II., the Baron is making a double of the star dancer of the Petersburg Imperial Ballet, the exquisite Wanda. . . . Baron Kempele leaves his work sometimes to visit Boleslas in his palace. Countess Vorowska had left her son in his charge. He has brought the boy up, and with him, as his sister, a little girl who was confided to the Baron in secret the day after her birth by the Empress in person. Who she is the Baron has never told anyone. He lets her be called Sophie W. Vorowska. . . . On Sophie's sixteenth birthday there

(Continued on Box 3.)



BARON DE KEMPELE CONSTRUCTING FOR THE EMPRESS CATHERINE AN AUTOMATON REPLICA OF WANDA (Mlle. JACKY MONNIER, SEATED, ON RIGHT), THE "STAR" DANCER OF THE IMPERIAL BALLET AT PETERSBURG.

Poniatowski summons him. . . . When night comes Boleslas is delivered from the prison which hides him, for he is in the body of the Turk, and gives his brain to the automaton. The apparatus has been contrived in such a way that no suspicion is likely to arise. The King receives Kempele with great cordiality, and suggests that the puppet should play with an officer of his Court, who is none other than Major Nicolaieff, who had already played against Boleslas in the military club of Vilna. The game starts, the Turk seizes the pieces in his wooden fingers, and very quickly the Major is checkmated. The whole assembly is filled with admiration, but the Major suspects something, and decides to seek an opportunity for solving the mystery. This comes quite soon. He hears Wanda say softly to the automaton: 'Courage, Boleslas, your difficulties will soon end. In a few days we shall have passed the German frontier and you will be free at last.' Thereupon Nicolaieff decides upon a diabolical plan. He suggests to the King that the Baron's Turk should be sent to the Empress Catherine, who considers herself the best chess-player of her Empire. An escort is to accompany them to Petersburg, commanded by Prince Serge Oblonsky. This is a most dramatic journey through stretches of frozen country under the continual guard of the soldiers, which prevents Boleslas having any freedom. Sophie is happy to be with Serge again, and hesitates as to whether she will confide in him or not. But how can she hope that he will betray his duty

(Continued on left below.)



MAJOR NICOLAIEFF, THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE, WHO HAS PLOTTED THE HERO'S DEATH, REALISES HIS OWN DOOM AS THE BARON'S AUTOMATON SOLDIERS CLOSE UPON HIM.

for the sake of a political criminal? When they reach Petersburg, the Empress, who has been warned by Nicolaieff, shows no signs of the cruel act she means to commit. She orders the automaton to be introduced with all pomp into the Throne Room of the Winter Palace, and she comes there herself, accompanied by her 'fool,' Olga. In vain Baron Kempele advises Boleslas to allow himself to be beaten by the concocted Sovereign. Boleslas soon gets his adversary into a bad position. Annoyed, the Empress cheats. Then the automaton knocks down the pieces. The Empress is furious. She says to the Baron: 'Your puppet has won, but he has been guilty of high treason, and he must be shot to-night in the Court of Honour of the Palace after the masked ball. It will be a most diverting spectacle.' Baron Kempele is distracted. His one idea is to get Boleslas out of the machine. The masked ball gives him the chance. He leads a frantic dance during which he attracts the attention of the guard, and forces Boleslas to put on his domino and stagger off with the other masks like a drunken

man, while he takes his place. Just as he is about to escape, soldiers come and take off the Turk to the Court of Honour. It is too late. The order is given, and they shoot. Catherine looks on at the tragedy laughing, when suddenly a cry of terror arises: 'The puppet bleeds!' The Empress comes up to enjoy her vengeance, and then she sees Baron Kempele mortally wounded. He drags himself up to her and, showing Sophie, says: 'Your Majesty, the child you once confided to me I return to you. In exchange I ask you for the pardon of Boleslas Vorowski.' In the meantime Nicolaieff has gone to Vilna to get the papers relating to Sophie's birth. The solitary house, full of androids, has something creepy about it. Nicolaieff goes from one to the other and sets them in motion, and they advance towards him brandishing their swords. He tries vainly to escape, but is killed. Baron Kempele's sacrifice induces the Empress to forgive Boleslas; and he and Sophie, realising that love has come to them, fall into each other's arms."

The World of the Theatre.

"BEAUTY IS TRUTH"—TWO NOTABLE PLAYS.

A PLAY that yawns with no ideas invariably sets us yawning, but a play that is possessed with a reforming idea is always in danger of wrecking itself. It is Mr. Miles Malleson's insistence on his ideas that reduces "The Fanatics" to the level of a dramatic tract and devitalises John Freeman into a gramophone record. His only life is that which Mr. Nicholas Hannen, by intelligent acting, has imposed on him. True, the dramatic pamphlet is theatrically effective, and it is the happy salt of humour and the deft mastery over situation which have saved the play at the box office. Now Miss Elizabeth Baker's latest comedy, "Bert's Girl," a much better play, considered as a work of art, has failed primarily because the idea which motives it is so distressingly emphasised that neither acting nor good writing could save it. Before my observations can be published, "Bert's Girl" will be withdrawn from the Court, for as I write the notices are already posted.

Yet her first act is one of remarkable power. There she relentlessly pins down with mercilessly accurate observation the Walters family—loud-voiced, coarse, blatant in their mental hooliganism. We may feel that this is not a true picture of a suburban household, but this is not fair criticism. The people do live, and we are painfully aware that there are thousands of Berts and Irises for ever raucously laughing over their own smart lewdness. They fill the trams and Tubes with their unmannerly behaviour, and giggle in our theatres with aggravating assaults on decent, refined feelings. But the dramatist does not take any cognisance of the fact that many of these lives are epics of courage and endurance lived under the most depressing conditions, and this very hooliganism is a sign of vitality. Her concern is to depict its ugliness, and her sneers and intolerance are revealed in dialogue desperately bitter and convincing. It is thrown into high relief by contrast with the delicate-minded girl and the odd, kindly uncle.

Here is a compensating beauty that we welcome. Here, too, is a symbolism of the man "upstairs" with his ideals, and the family "downstairs" with their materialism that adds significance. But this conflict is thwarted by the idea that by eugenics mankind can be saved. The world has had many false gods, but surely this is the falsest. You cannot breed men according to the rules of a stud farm. This is the grossest materialism, and strikes right across the character. Mr. Shaw made it palatable by his wit, but Miss Baker's attitude provokes resentment. Was not Keats the son of an ostler, Pope a weakling from birth, and Beethoven fathered by a drunkard? Not until men find a new sense of spiritual values can we hope for that regeneration so

urgently desired. But, in spite of this cardinal flaw, Miss Baker has written an exceptionally interesting and moving play. Its box-office measure is no criterion of its worth. It compels with its sincerity; its satire bites home with its undeniable truth; its characterisation is alive; and there is an Ariadne thread of beauty running through it which lifts it out of sordid photography into a plane far above the ruck, for "Bert's Girl" is a notable play.

At the Royalty Theatre we are no longer attending to the drama of ideas. In the realms of poetry we must not bring the mind of the scientist, with its sceptical intelligence concerned with facts, if we are rightly to appreciate beauty. For beauty is something too elusive and too magical to submit to definition. We can only feel it, and know that the miracle has happened. "The Dybbuk," Ansky's Jewish mystical drama, which the Theatre Guild are now sponsoring, is a poem in conception. It moves by its wonderful simplicity and its intangible beauty. This love story of the young Jewish scholar, Channon, and the shy, submissive Leah, is lovely in its telling. Then, when the mood has been created, and an infinity of spiritual mystery enfolds the twain, comes death and the invading Dybbuk. The sublimity and purity of the moment is transformed by the inner working spirit into wrath and defiance. The tender, delicate girl is in travail, and beauty is revealed through

which "The Dybbuk" demands that would have preserved the mood. For "The Dybbuk" is a producer's play, and requires more than competency to shape it.

There were times when the mind asserted itself critically. We saw actors listening politely when we ought to have been filled with apprehensive fears. We ever and anon became aware when we ought to have been exalted. The shortcomings were not wholly due to production. There was power and fine intellectual grasp in the Rabbi of Mr. Michael Sherbrooke; but that touch of imaginative fineness, that intense spirituality which is the essence of his noble character, only came in flashes. The voice lacked that strange quality which by its timbre and intonation reveals the soul behind it. Much as I admired the study, it never wholly persuaded me into acceptance. As Leah, Miss Forbes-Robertson touched beauty again and again until the heart ached. In moments of submissive quiet, in those ecstatic moods where passion lay passive, there was an ethereal delicacy and harmony that fully expressed the author's purpose. Her youth, her sensitive acting, her beauty and child-like simplicity, combined to create an enduring impression. There can be no praise too high for this aspect of her characterisation. But when passion was roused and emotion swelled like a gale bearing tragedy on its inevitable way, when the deeps were stirred so that all the racial

Jewish soul was in motion, then her Leah left something unachieved. That she has great potentialities as a tragic actress cannot be denied. Her Juliet was a memorable and perfect thing, and her Leah had so much loveliness in it, and so much feeling, that I know her genius will ripen to full glory. The one wholly satisfying performance was that of Mr. Ernest Milton as Channon. It had a quality that almost defies analysis, for it was so complete. Though his part is not rich in substance, he gives it a compelling vitality—the poetic spiritual force which gives the drama its mystical power. Suggestive with infinite subtlety of delineation, impressive by its vision and sincerity, and faithful to the play's intention, this study was beautifully composed.

Here is a play of which the worst that can be said is that it suffers from a certain staginess—though it is a staginess that is not inherent in itself, but rather that due to its production. But the Theatre Guild deserve well by their courageous venture. No man could watch this

drama unmoved or be blind to its flashes of illuminating light. Beauty touches it with impressive hands, and then criticism is dumb. No man could go to "The Dybbuk" and come empty away, for, as Keats has said so profoundly, "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," and in this play the miracle is wrought. G. F. H.



"THE DYBBUK": MR. MICHAEL SHERBROOKE AS RABBI AZRAEL.



THE "TERRESTRIAL AND SPIRITUAL PLANES" PLAY AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE: "THE DYBBUK"—THE BEGGAR'S DANCE.

"The Dybbuk" is by S. Ansky, translated by Henry G. Alsberg and Winifred Katzin. The Forum Guild is responsible for the production. A dybbuk is a disembodied spirit which has entered into and possessed the body of a living person.

passion and torment—a wild, excitable, stormy beauty that awes us with its tempestuous energy, until finally, when the thing is exorcised and exaltation has spent itself, there comes a final quiet and an abiding loveliness to soothe and console. Such is the power of the play that it beats down the frontiers of scepticism and rules us with its own dominion. For this language, though it inevitably loses much through translation, is so infused with the imaginative spirit of its creator that it is like stars flashing meteoric over a dark sky making strange and wondrous things visible.

Yet, in spite of all the thought and care which have gone into its production, "The Dybbuk" loses on the stage. Never have I felt more how much we need inspired producers. We have plays and players who reach commendable heights of distinction, but it is only a new realisation that the producer is the pivot of the play in the theatre. As yet we are poverty-stricken. We get adequate production of straightforward plays, but how seldom do we get that interpretative production of the unusual play that misses nothing! "Oh, the little more and how much it is!" And it was just that little more



"THE DYBBUK": MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON AS LEAH.

NOW ON A FIRST VISIT TO WINDSOR: THE ROYAL BABY, WITH THE QUEEN.

PORTRAIT STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS.



BRITAIN'S MOST POPULAR BABY: PRINCESS ELIZABETH, WITH HER ROYAL GRANDMOTHER, QUEEN MARY.

Princess Elizabeth, who will be a year old on April 21 and is beginning to walk and talk, is at present under the care of the Queen, while her father and mother, the Duke and Duchess of York, are fulfilling public duties on the other side of the world. The little Princess travelled by motor-car on April 4 from Buckingham Palace to Windsor, for her first visit to the Castle, where she has been installed

in rooms specially arranged for nursery purposes in the Victoria Tower, near the Queen's own apartments. The nursery windows look over the Great Park. On the morning after her arrival the baby was taken out in her perambulator into the quadrangle during the changing of the guard, and her appearance at once diverted the attention of all women spectators of the military ceremony.

SCENES OF THE FIRST EASTER: SHRINES AND RELICS IN JERUSALEM.



WHERE THE ROMAN SOLDIERS PLAYED PAVEMENT GAMES IN PILATE'S JUDGMENT HALL: MARKS CUT IN THE CRYPT FLOOR IN THE SISTERS OF ZION CONVENT AT THE ECCE HOMO ARCH, JERUSALEM.



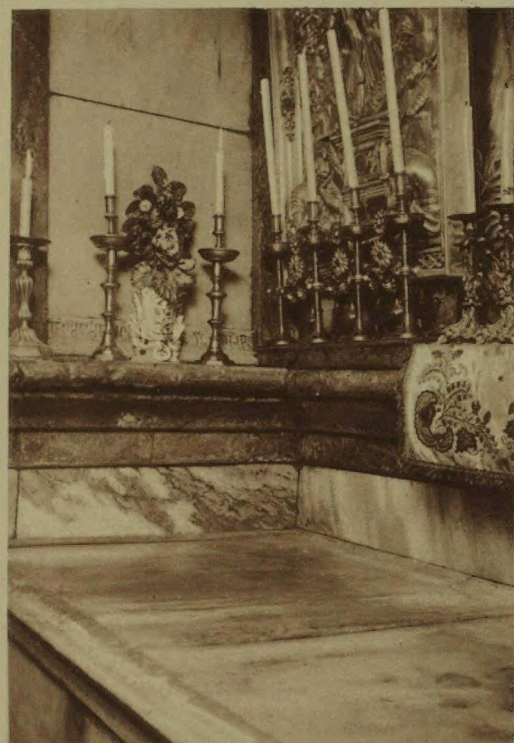
SHINING OVER THE HOLY CITY AT EASTER TIME, AND ON FEAST NIGHTS, LIKE A SPARKLING JEWEL: THE CROSS ABOVE THE DOME OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, OUTLINED WITH 200 ELECTRIC GLOBES.



THE SWORD, SCABBARD, AND SPURS OF GODFREY DE BOUILLON: RELICS IN THE LATIN SACRISTY OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.



THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN IN THE CHAPEL OF CALVARY IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE BÉDECKED WITH JEWELS WORTH £25,000.



THE TOMB OF CHRIST IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: AN ALTAR COVERED WITH A CRACKED MARBLE SLAB, AT WHICH DAILY MASS IS SAID.



THE FRAGMENT OF THE SCOURGING PILLAR, ONLY UNCOVERED AT EASTER, WHEN IT IS KISSED AND EMBRACED BY DEVOTEES.

"THE Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem," writes Mr. Harold J. Shepstone, F.R.G.S., "is being gradually modernised. The cross on its dome has been outlined with 200 electric globes, and at Easter and Feast Nights it shines like a sparkling jewel over the Holy City. The excavations on the Third Wall of Jerusalem may raise the question of the authenticity of the site. It was 1600 years ago that Queen Helena, mother of Constantine, came to Jerusalem to mark the site of the Crucifixion with a Christian church. . . . It spreads over a considerable area, consisting of churches, chapels, shrines, and monasteries under a single roof. Here worship six different sects—Greeks, Latins, Armenians, Copts, Jacobites, and Abyssinians. . . . Curiously enough, the keys of this church, for the possession of which the Crusaders fought and died, are held by a well-known Jerusalem Moslem family, who lock the building up every night, and open it in the morning. . . . The first of the thirty-seven so-called Holy Places is the Stone of Unction, upon which the body of Christ is said to have been anointed. . . . On our right are the Chapels of Melchizedek and Adam. . . . Above, are Golgotha and Calvary. Here there are many altars, with a statue of the Virgin, adorned with a blaze of jewels and precious stones, and protected by thick plate glass. The place where the Cross stood may be seen through a hole lined with silver, and one is shown the 'cleft in the rock,' supposed to reach to the centre of the earth. Adjoining is the Chapel of the Nailing to the Cross, the exact spot being marked by

[Continued below.]



THE STONE ROLLED AWAY BY THE ANGEL (ENCLOSED IN A CARVED CASING): THE ANGEL CHAPEL, WITH THE TOMB BEYOND.

[Continued.]

stones let into the floor. . . . The pillar to which Christ was bound while being scourged is vouched for. It is only uncovered at Easter, when it is hugged and kissed by devotees. . . . Entering the Rotunda, we come to the Holy Sepulchre itself, under the central dome. It is a marble structure, 26 ft. long and 17½ ft. wide, the front being a blaze of brass and silver lamps, paintings, and huge coloured candles. It consists of two chambers; first, the Angel's Chapel, containing the stone which the Angel rolled away from the tomb. Beyond, through a low doorway, is the tomb itself. It is only 6½ ft. long by 6 ft. wide, and only five

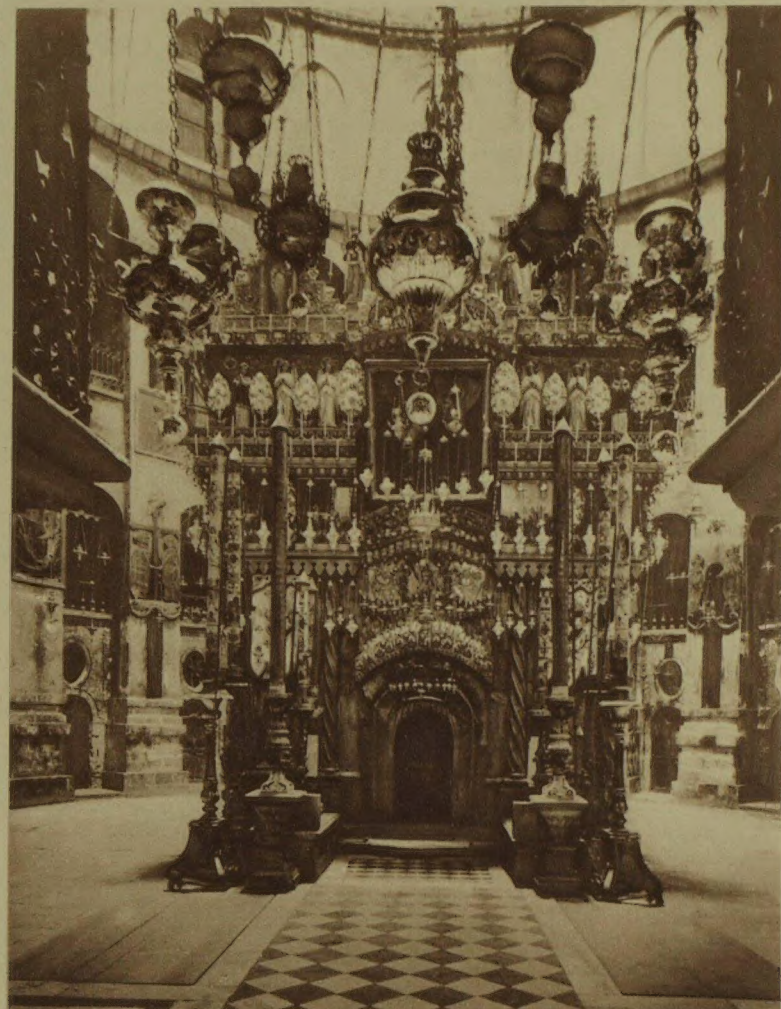
or six can squeeze into it. The tomb is marked by a cracked slab, used as an altar, Mass being said here daily. . . . It is before the Holy Sepulchre that the Greek ceremony of the Holy Fire takes place, the most exciting scene perhaps that can be witnessed in any church. It falls on the Saturday preceding the Greek Easter. The Rotunda and the galleries are packed with an excitable mob—Russians, Copts, Armenians, and Orthodox Arabs. . . . The Greek Patriarch and the Armenian High Priest enter the tomb alone. . . . Suddenly, a tremendous shout is heard, as trembling hands thrust lighted torches through two round

[Continued opposite.]

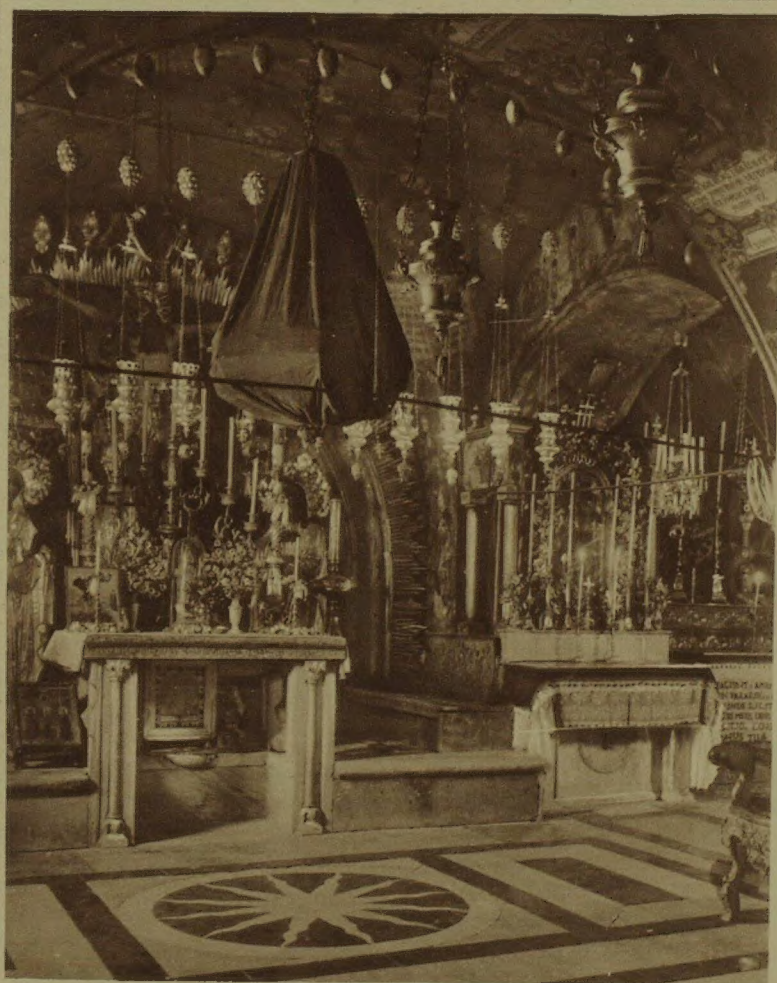
LIT WITH HOLY FIRE AT EASTER: CHRISTIANITY'S GREATEST SHRINE.



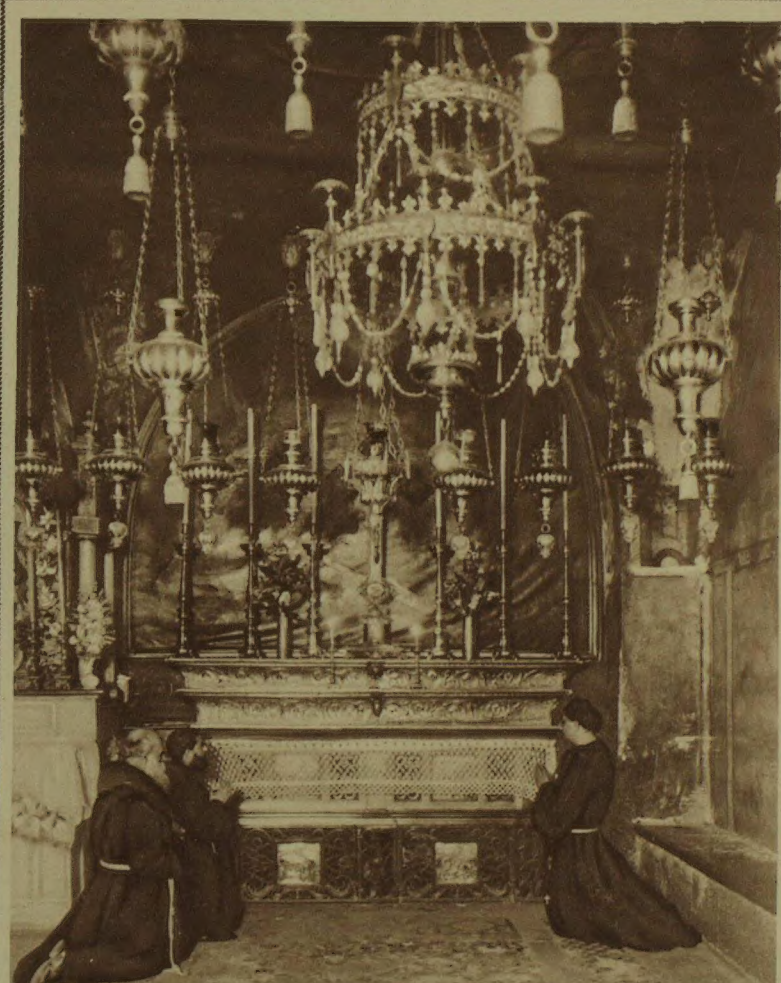
THE STONE OF UNCTION, WHEREON, IT IS SAID, NICODEMUS ANOINTED CHRIST'S BODY AFTER THE CRUCIFIXION: THE FIRST OF THIRTY-SEVEN HOLY PLACES IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.



THE HOLY SEPULCHRE ITSELF IN THE CHURCH NAMED AFTER IT: THE MAGNIFICENT FRONT OF THE MARBLE STRUCTURE, "A BLAZE OF BRASS AND SILVER LAMPS, PAINTINGS, AND HUGE COLOURED CANDLES."



WITH A SILVER STAR MARKING THE SPOT WHERE THE CROSS STOOD: THE CHAPEL OF CALVARY IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—THE LEFT-HAND ALTAR SAID TO BE THE MOST RICHLY DECORATED IN THE WORLD.



THE CHAPEL OF THE NAILING TO THE CROSS, IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE: THE SCENE OF CHRIST'S SUFFERING MARKED BY PIECES OF MARBLE LET INTO THE PAVEMENT.

Continued.]

holes, one on either side of the Sepulchre. There is a wild rush, and the air is rent by the shrieks of crushed women and shouts of angry men. . . . The pilgrims believe that the fire comes down from Heaven, and that lighting a taper from this supposed Pentecostal flame assures their eternal salvation. Special runners carry the fire to the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, to Ramallah, Nazareth, and beyond. Before the war, the fire was borne to

Jaffa, whence it was taken by ship to Odessa for distribution throughout Russia. Since the coming of the British, better order has been maintained. . . . In the past people have been crushed to death, and the toll of lives lost must run into thousands. In 1834, when the ceremony was witnessed by Ibrahim Pasha, of Egypt, three hundred lost their lives, and another two hundred were seriously hurt."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

HOW many people one meets, in the course of the year, who protest that they find the country dull beyond endurance, though they enjoy

shapes to secure the services of particular kinds of insects, different colours, and different scents. For, if all competed for the services of the same kind of insect, there would not be enough of these pollen-carriers to go round.

the arrangement and coloration of these several parts. These are no chance variations. Each and all are intimately related to the requirements of different types of insects. White flowers, for the most part, are to attract night-fliers, like the moths. Hence they reserve their alluring fragrance till the evening, like the tobacco-plant. Blue flowers have a peculiar attraction for bees. Some flowers are the reverse of fragrant, diffusing an offensive odour, as of carrion. Such cater for carrion-eating flies, who are attracted by the smell, and stay for the sake of a meal of pollen.



FIG. 1.—WITH APPARENT PETALS THAT ARE REALLY THE OUTER SEPALS: THE FLOWER OF THE HELLEBORE, WITH PETALS TRANSFORMED INTO A CIRCLE OF TUBES, SHOWING AS A DARK CENTRAL DISC.

In the flower of the hellebore the sepals do duty for the petals, though they have not yet lost all their green coloration. In the poppy these sepals are wholly green, and fall off as the flower opens.

rushing along its wider roads at fifty miles an hour! But at that pace one has little chance of seeing anything in particular. That is why the ride is so "restful"—it gives one no time to think about anything in particular either! But when one comes to talk with those who love the country for the sake of its quiet—where this is still to be had—one yet meets with no more than a semi-consciousness of the wonders and mysteries surrounding them. They enjoy the panorama of the seasons, but yet fail to appreciate the beauty of the details of the picture.

Let me illustrate this by a few comments on our wild flowers, now hourly adding to the beauty of the countryside. From the fault of taking things as they find them, from not "looking a gift horse in the mouth," too many of us are like "Peter Bell," of whom Wordsworth tells us—

In vain, through every changeable year,
Did Nature lead him as before:
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more.

Peter never asked why it was a primrose. Had he done so he would have discovered that not only primroses, but all other flowers, owe their beauty and their fragrance to their dependence on creatures belonging to another kingdom of living things—to wit, insects, birds, and beasts; though among these insects play the more important parts. Flowers, if they are, as the gardener says, to "set their seeds," must find some means of having the fertilising pollen brought to their ripening ovules from another flower, if the "ovules" are ever to become seeds. And this means has to be attained by, first of all, attracting attention to their whereabouts by the display of vividly coloured petals, and then ensuring the performance of the necessary service by the lure of sweet nectar.

In sipping this, the bee, moth, or butterfly, as the case may be, is inevitably dusted with pollen, which it forthwith, though quite unwittingly, deposits on the stigma of the next flower it visits; and thus makes possible the "setting" of the seed; for the pollen is the indispensable fertiliser. The competition for these services is so keen that these poor, helpless things have to adopt all sorts of devices to secure this all-important end. They have had to arrange different seasons of flowering, different

Now let me turn from the general to the particular, and confine myself to "flowers" in the ordinary sense of the term: without, on this occasion, attempting to trace their evolution from stages which preceded the flower as we know it to-day. In the typical flower we have, first, an outer "whorl" of green, leaf-like outgrowths known as the "sepals"; next, a "whorl" of gaily coloured petals, forming the "corolla"; next in order, towards the centre, comes a ring of slender stalks, or "stamens," surmounted by the vitally important pollen bags, or "anthers"; and in the very centre the "pistil," surmounted by the "stigma," that is to say, the surface on to which the pollen has to be deposited.

Out of these several elements an infinite variety of forms is to be found. Let me illustrate what



FIG. 2.—WITH SOME SEPALS CUT AWAY, REVEALING THE TRANSFORMED PETALS: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HELLEBORE FLOWER.

The modified petals have become strangely transformed into short tubes containing nectar, and they can still more easily be seen by cutting away some of the sepals.

I am driving at by a concrete case—the flower of the hellebore. Here the strangely-coloured "petals" are really not petals at all, but the outermost row of sepals, which have not yet completely lost their original green hue. The petals have been completely transformed to form a circle of tubes which are kept filled with nectar. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), these tubes form a dark disc between the sepals and the stamens. In the next picture (Fig. 2), some of the sepals have been cut away, revealing the transformed petals. In the third photograph (Fig. 3), we have the final stage, where the sepals and two pistils alone remain. The corolla of tubular petals and the anthers have fallen off, and the base of one pistil has begun to swell, owing to the growth within the ovary (at the base of the pistil) of the fertilised ovules, which in due time will become the seeds.

Now, this is but one of ten thousand variants on this theme. Go the round of the garden, and compare the infinite variety in

Where pollen is the bait, prodigious quantities have to be produced, so that enough shall be left to secure the desired end—the fertilisation of the seeds. Where this is too precious to waste, it is carefully sealed up, and the visiting insect, in sipping the nectar, is made to bear away the package unbroken, as in the case of the orchids, where the two pollen-sacs are borne off on the head of the marauder, and deposited on the stigma of the next flower visited. Thrust the point of a pencil into the mouth of the first wild orchid you find, imitating the actions of the bee, and when you withdraw it you will find these strange "pollen-sacs" adhering to the point.

And now let us look to the other side of the picture. Herein we see the profound changes of form and structure which these flower-haunting insects have undergone in response to the conditions laid down by the plants. Take the bees, for example. The whole of their digestive apparatus has been moulded to enable them to transform the nectar they gather into honey; while the last pair of hind-legs have developed a most elaborately constructed "pollen-basket," for the sole purpose of collecting pollen for the nourishment of the larvæ. The mouth-parts, again, have been changed to enable them the more effectively to suck up the nectar. The extraordinarily beautiful mechanism to be seen in the uncoiled proboscis of the butterfly and the moth presents another modification for the same end—the collection of nectar.

But for the flowers none of these structures would have been called into being. But for the flowers, indeed, neither bees nor butterflies would have come into existence. The one is interdependent on the other. There are other aspects of this theme that I should like to touch upon, but they must now be left for another occasion.

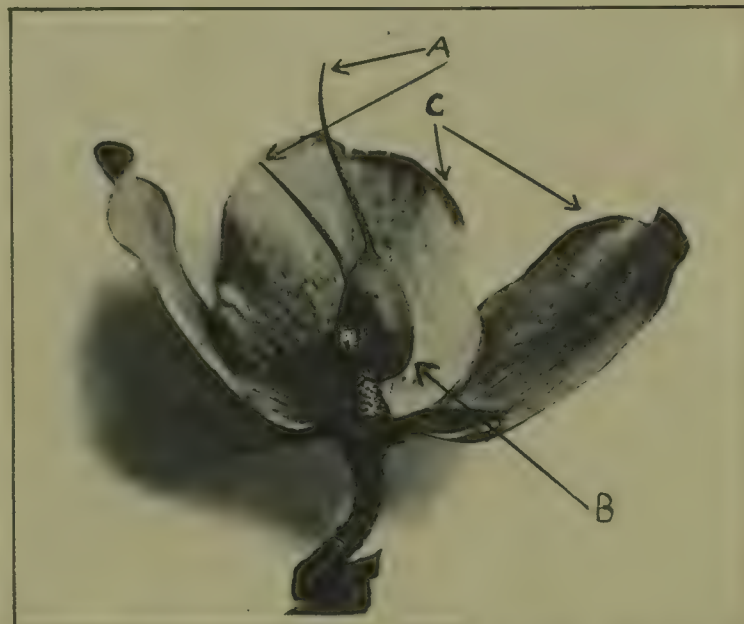


FIG. 3.—AFTER THE TUBULAR PETALS AND ANTHERS HAVE FALLEN OFF: THE HELLEBORE FLOWER WITH ONLY SEPALS AND PISTILS LEFT, SHOWING THE OVARY SWELLING AT THE BASE OF ONE PISTIL.

After the process of fertilisation has been accomplished, the tubular petals forming the honey-bearing corolla, and the stamens, are shed, leaving only the pistil (A), at the base of which the ovary (B), or receptacle for the seeds, is formed. The ovary has been exposed by cutting away sepals (C). The scars left by the fallen stamens are seen. Two pistils are present here, but the seed chamber of one will probably produce no seeds.

BIG-GAME HUNTING IN AFRICA: VII.—THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

DRAWN AND DESCRIBED BY RAOUL MILLAIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)

Raoul
Millais

THE Shilluk of the upper Nile lies in wait for hippo in riverside reeds, armed with a barbed spear, to which is attached a large float—i.e. a pulp log, lighter than cork. When the unsuspecting beast returns from his nightly jaunt on terra firma in search of the bush grass which is his main food, the Shilluks dash out of the reeds and fling their spears into him. He rushes headlong into the river, and the men run for their canoes. The unfortunate hippo keeps himself submerged as much as possible, but the tell-tale floats always give him away, and the Shilluk waits patiently in his canoe until the poor brute comes up for air, when he is again greeted with a hail of spears. This continues sometimes for many hours, until the animal finally expires, sinks, and floats again.

USUALLY INOFFENSIVE, BUT SOMETIMES REALLY ANNOYED WITH A SPEAR OR TWO IN HIM:
A WOUNDED BULL "HIPPO" UPSETTING A CANOE.

The hippopotamus can scarcely be numbered among the dangerous game of Africa, and is hardly worth shooting as a trophy, but he will feed a large outfit of "boys," and his flesh is extremely good to eat and much sought after by natives. He always appears like a most inoffensive, perambulating portmanteau, but there have been cases where he has been known to get really annoyed and smash up canoes, especially when he has a spear or two in him. The hippo is a most inquisitive animal, and is greatly attracted by camp fires. I have known him come calmly into camp at night, out of the swamps, and trip over the tent ropes and gear until one of the boys gives a shout, and he shuffles away grunting. The natives of the Lake Chad district think it suicide to light a match or

torch when in a canoe at night, as they say the hippo becomes furious at the sight of fire, and will immediately attack the canoe. I am sure that this superstition or belief arises from the fact that hippos, owing to their inquisitive habits, have come up close to the frail and unsteady canoes to investigate the fire or light, and, in so doing, have swamped them by the great displacement of water. It is a most amusing sight to see a large mother hippo rise to the surface with a baby calmly perched on her back. No amount of ducking moves him, and he reappears standing in the same place each time. How he remains there I don't know. The larger illustration shows a wounded bull hippo upsetting a canoe. The other drawings show typical attitudes: the resemblance to a large pig is curious.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EASTER

evokes visions of pleasant places (not unaided by advertisement), and in the spring a bookman's fancy lightly turns to works of travel and topography. Examples thereof are ranged upon my table in bewildering variety, and, if I cannot proceed in the flesh to every proffered haunt, I can at least enjoy an extensive tour in the spirit. We have it on high authority that—

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious 'as to work.

I hesitate to question Shakespeare (a thing, as we know, he cannot "abide"), but, with all due deference, I should like to try the year of holiday first before expressing an opinion.

Though it is not given to all of us at this season to fare very far over the wine-dark sea, I believe there are pampered persons—in the scholastic world, for instance—to whom Easter brings a respite of several weeks. For their benefit I will introduce a group of literary "couriers" who will escort them to many delectable destinations overseas—across the Channel, around the Mediterranean, or even beyond the Atlantic. The place of honour on the list belongs to a woman's work, not on the principle (which the modern woman seldom considers a compliment) of *place aux dames*, but rather that of *place aux célèbres*, as to a novelist eminent in historical romance. I refer to "THE NETHERLANDS DISPLAY'D": or, The Delights of the Low Countries. By Marjorie Bowen. Illustrated (Lane; 25s.).

Miss Bowen is here on historical ground which she has made her own. She offers her book, however, not as a history, but as a study of the "extraordinary local atmosphere" of a region "intensely individual and different from any other country in the world." It is, in fact, a delightful blend of description, history, and romance. Sage advice on literary preparation for travel is given in an extract she quotes from "A Description of Holland," published in 1743, as a prefatory signpost to the purpose of her work—

In the most considerable cities of Greece and Italy there were anciently persons called *Antiquaries*, whose office it was to show strangers the curiosities of the Places. . . . The Sicilians called them *Mistagogues*. . . . But the judicious Traveller is far from trusting to this sort of Guide. Before he sets out, he informs himself by Reading and Conversation, and carries with him the best wrote Books on the Places he intends to visit.

What qualities the old eighteenth-century topographer required in a "best wrote book" I cannot say, but for my part I like one that is alive with personal experience and humour. The human touch is strong in two attractive books on different parts of France—"A PILGRIM IN PICARDY." By B. S. Townroe. With a Foreword by Viscount Burnham. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 12s. 6d.); and "BRITTANY AND THE LOIRE." By Captain Leslie Richardson (Officier d'Académie). Illustrated (Bles; 16s.). Mr. Townroe takes as his motto (slightly misquoted) John of Gaunt's words of consolation to his banished son—

All places that the eye of heaven visits
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens:

In a *terrain* so full of war memories, the author has very properly stressed that side of his subject, as in a chapter on Devastated Picardy, and the thrilling adventures of "Alice, O.B.E.," Louise de Bettignies, a French "Edith Cavell," though she died in a German bed and not by German bullets. Lord Burnham, in commending the work as of practical value and help to holiday-makers, bestows on it his official blessing as Vice-President of the United Associations of Great Britain and France.

John of Gaunt's words would be even more appropriate to Captain Richardson's book, for it is a breezy account of a motor-boat cruise round the Breton coast and on France's greatest river, in *liaison* with a 10-h.p. Fiat saloon ashore. "Leaving the yacht in some snug berth," he writes, "we would set out to explore the neighbourhood in the car, returning to dine and sleep in cosy quarters aboard, instead of suffering the rough and tumble of the village inn." They had some rough-and-tumble, indeed, in the preliminary run by road from the Riviera to Nantes (where the boat was), including a blizzard in the Cevennes on the trail of R.L.S. and Modestine. But, "once aboard the lugger," the voyagers reached numberless fascinating places off the beaten track, and the author describes it all with infinite zest. Those who remember his previous book, "Motor-Cruising in France," will be delighted to renew acquaintance with the gallant little *Sylvabelle II.* and her genial skipper.

Happy voyagers, with leisure enough to make an Odyssey of their Easter holiday, can range still further, and echo the old Greek's dream—

It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.

To any thus inclined I would recommend, as one of "the best wrote books" for their purpose, "ISLANDS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN." By Paul Wilstach. With thirty-seven Illustrations (Bles; 16s.). The author is one of those American writers who approach the beauties and traditions of the Old World with a sense of freshness, and communicate their enjoyment in an easy, picturesque style. Setting sail from Barcelona, Mr. Wilstach takes us in turn to Majorca, to Corsica, Monte Cristo ("which, incidentally, Dumas never visited"), and so on, to Elba, Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, Corfu, Crete, Rhodes, and Cyprus. A charming travel story is this, with equally charming illustrations.

The land which has given us a synonym for romantic dreams, in the phrase "castles in Spain," has perennial attraction for the holiday-maker, and the heart of it is

in "Valentine's Manual of Old New York." By Henry Collins Brown. (Valentine's Manual Inc., New York; 5 dollars). It is all so like—but with a difference—to late Victorian London; the same old hansoms and horse-buses (with a "hill horse" waiting to assist on steep ascents), the same old high bicycles, and the same old bustles.

There is one very solid link between New York and London of the 'eighties, in the shape of Jumbo, hugest of tame elephants, who was sold from the "Zoo" to P. T. Barnum, and crossed the Atlantic in 1882. Mr. Brown tells the story of his life and his heroic end. It was feared that, as he grew older, he might suddenly go mad, as captive elephants often do, but he never showed symptoms of insanity, and became "as much the pet of America as he had been of London." I believe I once rode on Jumbo.

In homeland topography there is a wealth of alluring literature for Easter tours, and one book at least stretches "hands across the sea" to the New World—"THE BRISTOL AVON." By Ernest Walls. With illustrations in pencil and pen and ink by R. E. J. Bush (Arrowsmith; 10s. 6d.). Was it not from Bristol that John Cabot set sail, in 1497, and, as Mr. Walls relates, "reached land, probably Nova Scotia, though he believed it to be the territory of the Grand Cham. It was the first known landing on the American continent, for Columbus did not reach the mainland till the following year. With his son Sebastian, Cabot set out again in 1498 . . . They discovered Newfoundland."

I come now to a book offering manifold delights to the holiday-maker with the historical sense, who as he travels loves to dwell in imagination with the storied past. Miss Jessie Mothersole has added to her well-known works on Hadrian's Wall and the Saxon shore another entitled "AGRICOLA'S ROAD INTO SCOTLAND: THE GREAT ROMAN ROAD FROM YORK TO THE TWEED." (Lane; 10s. 6d.) It has her own illustrations in colour and black and white, including many maps and plans.

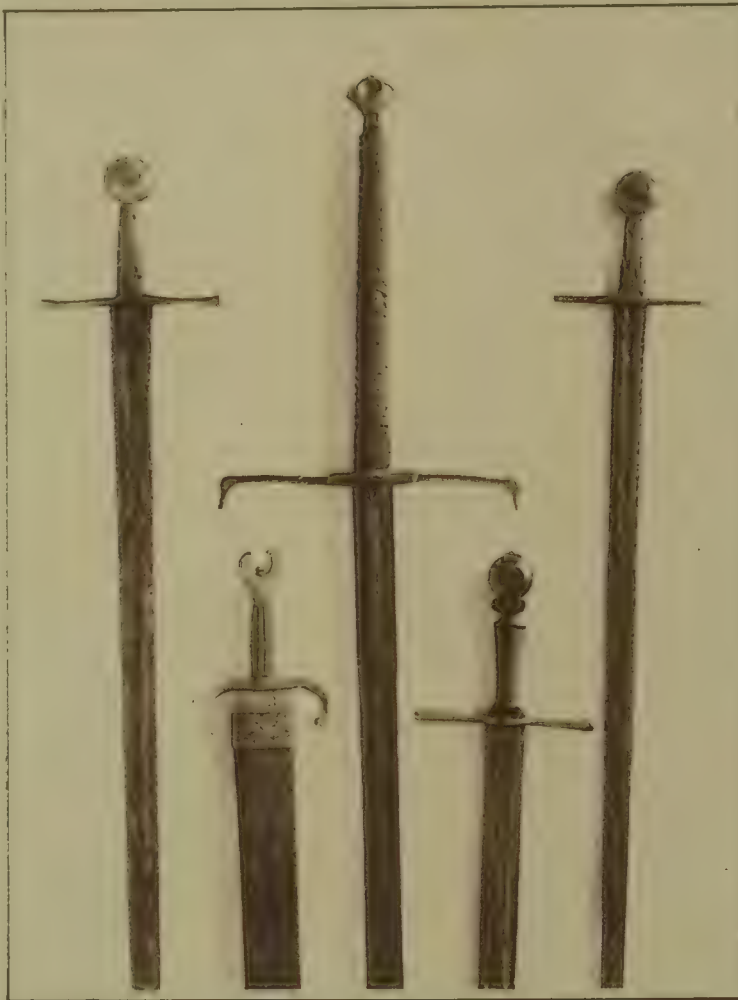
As an unrepentant pedestrian, I was interested to learn regarding "THE HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS." By Ernest H. Rann. With frontispiece. (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) that Mr. Rann, in gathering his material, had covered hundreds of miles on foot. "He has been," we read, "with Dickens in Kent, with Fitzgerald in East Anglia, with Tennyson and Hawker in the West Country, with George Eliot and Shakespeare on the Midland plain, with the Brontës in Yorkshire, and with Wordsworth and Ruskin in Lakeland." But in the account of a district with which I happen to be familiar—the Hawker country—I was sorry to find three mistakes in two pages. Hawker's poem, "The Cell by the Sea," appears as "Call by the Sea"; Marsland Mouth as Marshland Mouth; and in the local proverb—

From Padstow Point to Lundy Light
Is a watery grave by day or night,

the word "point" is changed to "port." I can only hope that the rest of the book is more correct in detail, for in topography, as in biography, it is not enough to be gossipy and readable; there is also much virtue in accuracy.

Five other books which remain to be mentioned—alas! but briefly—are by no means dry as "the remainder biscuit," but I have no space to enlarge upon their appetising quality. I can only recommend them in the bulk, and give their names—"SUSSEX PILGRIMAGES." By R. Thurston Hopkins. With eight illustrations. (Faber and Gwyer; 12s. 6d.), including a chapter on "Some American Associations"; "BETWEEN THAMES AND CHILTERN." Being Literary and Historical Studies of the Country of Milton, Penn, Gray, Burke, and the Disraelis. By E. S. Roscoe. With fourteen illustrations. (Faber and Gwyer; 5s.); "SUFFOLK SEA-BORDERS." By H. Alker Tripp ("Leigh Hoe"). Illustrated by the Author. (Lane; 8s. 6d.), the tale of a yachting cruise and a delightful homeland counterpart to "Brittany and the Loire"; "GEORGIAN NORWICH, ITS BUILDERS." By Stanley J. Wearing, F.R.I.B.A. Illustrated. (Norwich, Jarrold; 3s.); and "THINGS SEEN IN SHAKESPEARE'S COUNTRY." By Clive Holland. With many illustrations. (Seeley, Service; cloth, 3s. 6d.; leather, 5s.), a dainty pocket volume added to a well-known series.

Here, then, is a clutch of literary Easter eggs, well and truly laid, and sufficiently variegated. We should be satisfied, I think, like the curate, if at any rate parts of them are excellent. C. E. B.



PICTURESQUE SWORD-HILTS OF OLDEN DAYS: FINE SPECIMENS, INCLUDING A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SCOTTISH CLAYMORE (CENTRE), IN THE FORTHCOMING SALE OF THE S. J. WHAWELL COLLECTION OF ARMOUR AND WEAPONS.

As noted under our other illustrations opposite, the Whawell sale begins at Sotheby's on May 3. The above photograph shows, from left to right (1) A thirteenth-century sword, with cruciform hilt and heavy wheel-shaped pommel; (2) A broadsword with scabbard, of rare type, with crescent-shaped pommel and drooping quillons, from the collection of Major Dreger, Berlin; (3) A true Scottish claymore ("Claidheamh-Mor") of about 1540, with five-sided crown pommel and mallard-headed quillons, from Brancepeth Castle, Durham; (4) An Italian sword of about 1500, with wheel pommel of jasper and silver-covered quillons; (5) A fourteenth-century sword, with cruciform hilt and wheel-shaped bronze pommel.—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.]

well described in "THE LURE OF CASTLE." By E. Carleton Williams. With eight illustrations (Mills and Boon; 5s.). "In the remote country districts," he says, "life is going on to-day very much as it did in the Middle Ages." An indispensable pocket companion for a Transalpine holiday is "THE TRAVELLER'S HANDBOOK TO NORTHERN AND CENTRAL ITALY: INCLUDING ROME." By Roy Elston. With Maps and Plans (Simpkin Marshall and Co.; and Thomas Cook and Son; 12s. 6d.). This admirable guide contains in a compact form a vast store of information, practical and historical, while both the letterpress and the maps are beautifully clear and legible.

Americans invade England every summer: why should not English holiday-makers invade America? Why not take a trip to the "unbelievable city" of New York (as Joseph Pennell called it), some of whose incredible skyscrapers, by the way, were illustrated in our last number. We think of New York as a maelstrom of clamour and hustle, but it has had a tranquil, old-fashioned past which, if lacking the antiquity of London, is yet rich in charm and interest. Though I have never been there, I can feel the fascination of those old days, so entertainingly described, with abundant illustrations, coloured and otherwise, in "THE LAST FIFTY YEARS IN NEW YORK." No. 10

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE SWORD-HILT: TREASURES TO BE AUCTIONED.



1. IN THE WHAWELL SALE: (L. TO R.) 1. GERMAN 16TH-CENT. SWEEP-HILT RAPIER; 2. 17TH-CENT. FLEMISH HILT; 3. GERMAN COMBINED SWORD AND PISTOL; 4. ITALIAN 17TH-CENT. BROADSWORD; 5. ENGLISH BROADSWORD, JAMES I. PERIOD.



2. ART IN SWORD-HILTS: (L. TO R.) 1. ITALIAN 15TH-CENT. WHEEL-POMMEL; 2. ITALIAN 16TH-CENT. PLUMED POMMEL; 3. ITALIAN 16TH-CENT. URN-SHAPED POMMEL.



3. DAGGERS: (L. TO R.) 1. SAXON 16TH-CENT. LANDSKNECHT TYPE; 2. VENETIAN IVORY-HILTED FALCHION (C. 1520); 3. RARE VENETIAN 15TH CENT. CINQUEDEA; 4. SWISS 16TH-CENT. DAGGER, WITH KNIFE AND PRICKER IN SCABBARD; 5. SAXON CROSS-HILTED DAGGER (C. 1580).



4. BEAUTY IN DEATH-DEALING WEAPONS: (L. TO R.) 1. ITALIAN 16TH-CENT. TURBAN-SHAPED POMMEL; 2. ITALIAN CIRCULAR POMMEL (C. 1500); 3. ITALIAN (ROMAN) 17TH-CENT. CUP-HILT RAPIER; 4. NORTH GERMAN HILT (C. 1650) WITH "HERCULES" POMMEL; 5. FRENCH HILT WITH OVAL POMMEL (SWORD-RAPIER).



5. THE SWORD-HILT BEAUTIFUL: THE HISTORIC SWORD OF AMBROGIO SPINOLA (1570-1630), BEARING HIS NAME AND EXQUISITELY CHISELLED WITH BIBLICAL SCENES ON THE STEEL HILT, 17TH-CENT. ITALIAN (BRESCIAN) WORK—A GEM OF THE WHAWELL COLLECTION.



6. BEARING THE ARMS OF THE COUNTS OF DREUX IN THE MEDALLION ON THE POMMEL AND (ON THE OTHER SIDE) A SACRED RELIC UNDER CRYSTAL: THE DREUX SWORD, A RARE AND BEAUTIFUL 14TH-CENT. EXAMPLE, WITH CROSS-HILT OF GILT COPPER.

A sale of exceptional interest is announced to take place at Sotheby's on May 3, 4, 5, and 6—that of the magnificent collection of armour, weapons, and works of art formed by the late Mr. Samuel James Whawell, who stood supreme as an expert on ancient arms and armour. He came of a family of armourers dating back to the seventeenth century. The late Sir Guy Laking, in his work on European Armour, said of Mr. Whawell: "His knowledge of our subject is never at fault. A judgment of his passed on any European weapon or armament is one which cannot be disputed." Among the principal "gems" of the collection are the historic "Spinola" sword (Illustration No. 5 above), the beautiful "Dreux" sword (No. 6), and the rare cinquedeas (third

from the left in our Illustration No. 3). The collection is one of infinite variety, and contains over 500 lots, full details of which are given in the sale catalogue. We illustrate here some of those which best represent the artistic beauty of the antique sword-hilt. Of No. 5 we read: "This fine swept-hilt rapier is engraved on the knuckle-guard with the name of its original owner, the Marquis Ambrogio di Spinola, an Italian general in the Spanish service (b. 1570; d. 1630)." The title of the Counts of Dreux, whose shield is seen on the pommel of the sword in No. 6, was first granted to Robert, fifth son of Louis VII. of France, in 1137, and the family became extinct in the male line by the death of Count Pierre de Dreux in 1345.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.]

"Sauce" and "Wine": An Admiral Writes.

"LAND, SEA, AND AIR: REMINISCENCES OF MARK KERR".*

QUOTING himself, Mark Kerr, Admiral, R.N., and Major-General, R.A.F. (Retired), sets fairly and squarely upon his title-page the saw "Contrast's the sauce of happiness. As work is the wine of the wise." Then follow instances to prove the truth of his belief. "Sauce" and "wine" have, indeed, been his all the hours of his life. Beginning his active career in 1877 as a Naval Cadet, he served his nautical days in the last wooden frigate commissioned in our Fleet, in the iron frigate *Inconstant*, in the sailing brig *Martin*, in the Royal Yacht, and in various other ships, notably in the *Implacable* when she did the best turret-firing of the year, but was not allowed to appear before the *Dreadnought* in the list "because it had been decreed from home that the *Dreadnought*, being the first of a new type which was receiving a great deal of criticism, was at all costs to appear at the top of the turret-shooting"! And, further, he was Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Navy, 1913-15; and Commander-in-Chief of the British Adriatic Squadron, 1916-17.

Ashore, he fought in the Egyptian War, 1882; and in the Sudan, 1891; and he was Attaché in Italy, Austria, Turkey, and Greece. In the air, he flew as often as chance allowed—even now he holds a pilot's "ticket"; as Deputy Chief of the Air Staff he was much concerned with the Independent Air

There was another statement worthy of recall: "One evening after dinner," says the writer, "the Emperor had been talking about Bavaria and his Catholic subjects, when he suddenly said to me, 'Do you remember that I paid a visit to Rome a few years ago, and had a private interview with the Pope, Leo XIII.? Do you know what happened during that interview?' I replied that I did not think that anyone knew, but that all the world had been guessing as to what subjects had been discussed ever since the visit. 'Nobody knows,' he replied, 'as there was no one else in the room, and I have not told anybody about it. Up to now, everybody has guessed wrong, but I will tell you the great secret. I was in there for about three-quarters of an hour or one hour, and during the whole time we were occupied in an argument on one subject only. The Pope wished to convince me that I was the legal descendant of the old Germanic Emperors, and as such I was the Temporal Sovereign of the Catholics of the world. Fortunately I knew my history, and after a lengthy argument I knocked him out!'" "Eight years afterwards," adds Admiral Kerr, "I mentioned this to the former British Ambassador in Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles. He was extremely interested, and said he was sure the Emperor's story was correct, because all the diplomats, as well as the Emperor's own ministers,

Battenberg, to whom high and just tribute is paid. Also to Cetewayo, whose hair-dressing took three hours each day; and to the Sultan Abdul Hamid of Turkey, who "always sat with the doors open so that he could see a would-be assassin if he was approaching" and of whom it is recorded: "He kept his eyes fixed on my hands, and I believe that was his general attitude, for he always suspected everyone of being a possible assassin, and watched to see that a hand did not stray in search of a knife or a pistol."

With a good story of Queen Victoria, her common-sense. King Ja-Ja, of the West Coast of Africa, was ordered into exile and to be accompanied by not more than five wives. "This was a bitter blow to our old friend, and he felt that insult was being added to injury. Incontinently he sat down and wrote the following letter to the Great White Queen—

"DEAR SISTER QUEEN VICTORIA,—You have ordered me to be sent away from my country. Perhaps you are right, but we will not go into that. But you have ordered that I should have only five wives to go with me. I do not think it dignified for a king to have only five wives. I beg you to let me have at least twelve. You would not like to have only five husbands.

"I am, yours respectfully,

"JA-JA."

"The Queen was so delighted with this letter, which



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HASTINGS: THE SCENE WHEN HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WAS SPEAKING FROM THE BALCONY OF THE NEW WHITE ROCK PAVILION AFTER HE HAD DECLARED THE BUILDING OPEN.

The Prince of Wales visited Hastings on April 6, and performed various ceremonies, notably that of declaring open the new White Rock Pavilion, which embodies a fine concert-hall. This was the scene in the evening of a special concert given by the excellent Municipal Orchestra, which had been reinforced for the occasion of the Festival, and is conducted by Mr. Basil Cameron.

Force which bombed the enemy's factories in 1918, scared the "neutrals" employed therein, and generally "put the wind up" Jerry and his friends; and, later, out of official harness, he was one of those who attempted the Transatlantic flight.

Thus opportunity was his; and with it adventure, argument, sport, and the meeting of many people. To indicate the tenor of his "scandal-free" book, let us cite certain personal affairs; and start—as it always seems necessary to start when dealing with a narrative that covers the Great War period—with William II., K. and K.

Admiral Kerr is one of those willing to agree that the Kaiser, who was flattered when saluted as an Admiral of the Fleet, was a "Peace-keeper"; just as King Edward VII. was a Peace-maker. His argument is that the Emperor did not wish for armed conflict with this country, that he felt that he had well-nigh won the world's commerce, and that he drew the sword unwillingly and only at the bidding of the war party. "His great idea," it is averred, "was to try and form an alliance between the English-speaking and Teutonic races. 'If we were allied to Great Britain alone,' he said, 'we would force the world to keep the peace.'" That was when the "Yellow Peril" was uppermost in his mind, but, leaving that, he went on: "Don't think I want your colonies, because I don't, for the very simple reason that it is in the different parts of the British Empire that my merchants make their money. Our colonies are an expense to us, and we only spend money on them in order to have some place where our expanding population can emigrate to and live under their own flag." Words; not deeds.

had guessed every other conceivable topic of conversation except that, and all had been eventually dismissed as impossible or improbable in the light of after-events."

Which brings us to the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. "The Emperor struck me," says our author, "as being a rather cold-blooded person. . . . He never looked one in the face when speaking, and his conversation was not exciting, nor did his remarks on events, political or otherwise, show any depth of knowledge, but rather showed a conventional and shallow outlook. I can only remember one striking remark that he made during the whole day. It was as follows: 'It is a curious thing that in England a change of Government affects the whole continent of Europe, and according to what Government you have in power so you have strength or weakness in the councils of Europe. When your Liberal Party is the Government no one minds what you say, because they know you will do nothing; then in a single day your Conservative Government comes in, and you at once have the most powerful voice in the councils of Europe.'"

And so, still upon Royalty, to the late King Constantine of Greece, who, argues the Admiral, was not pro-German, and was merely gilding the pill when he wrote: "The Emperor knows that my personal sympathy and my political opinion lead me to his side. I shall never forget that to him we owe Kavalla"; to the Emperor of Russia, who is seen dashing through a Darmstadt street to throw rice and satin slippers at the newly wedded Prince and Princess Andrew of Greece and pursued by guardian German detectives "with ammunition boots on their feet and umbrellas in their hands"; to the Grand Duchess Serge at the Court and as Lady Superior of the House of Mary and Martha, facing the Bolsheviks in Moscow; and to Prince Louis of

ticked her sense of humour, that she at once gave orders that Ja-Ja was to be allowed to take twelve wives with him into exile."

As to the uncrowned, we have, with many another, Sir Percy Scott, then Lieutenant, mounting big guns on the sand-hills of Egypt and inscribing on the first, "Lay me true and load me tight, And I'll play the devil with Arabi's right"; Kitchener, backing King Constantine's plan for the taking of the Dardanelles; the Turkish Minister in Athens remarking sarcastically, on hearing of the German horrors in Belgium, that he thought "the Turks and the Balkan Powers ought to send a commission to investigate these atrocities"; Venizelos, overweeningly vain, and therefore dangerous; and Colonel J. B. Seely and Mr. Winston Churchill as "the only people in authority that I met who seemed to have some idea of the importance of aerial matters in the very early days . . . but even they had to work cautiously to avoid being classed amongst the new type of lunatic that was growing up in the air"; plus complete agreement with the caution that bade Jellicoe nurse his ships at Jutland and not risk the future of our far-flung line of communications.

For the rest, it should be set down that Admiral Kerr need not fear that his readers will enjoy his "excursions" less than he has done. They may not agree with all his arguments; but at least they will find them pleasantly provocative; and their attention will be held by those five S's that ensure fascination—the Services, Sovereigns, Society, Sport, and the Stage—especially as they are seasoned with such occasional "sensations" as those false plans of the *Invincible* which were designed for German agents to steal, were duly stolen, and led astray even the *Secret Secret Service* of Berlin.

E. H. G.

* "Land, Sea, and Air": Reminiscences of Mark Kerr, Admiral, R.N., Major-General, R.A.F. (Ret.). With Illustrations (Longmans Green and Co.; £1 1s. net.)

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



PREPARING FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER OF HASTINGS: BUILDING THE BASE OF AN ARCH OF BLOCKS OF ICE (WITH FISH IN THEM), BOATS, BARRELS, AND NETS.



AT THE LIFEBOAT HOUSE: THE PRINCE PRESENTED WITH A REPLICA OF THE OAR-MACE, THE OLD INSIGNIA OF A WATER BAILIFF, BY THE OLDEST HASTINGS FISHERMAN.



"THE PRINCE OF WALES AFTER HIS ARRIVAL IN BERLIN BY AEROPLANE": THE APRIL 1ST JOKE "PRINCE" IN THE GERMAN CAPITAL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES "UP" ON HIS "TIPPED" HORSE, LADY DOON H.R.H. AFTER HIS WIN AT THE SOUTH NOTTINGHAMSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.



THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER: MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL LEAVING 10, DOWNING STREET, AFTER THE LAST PRE-BUDGET CABINET MEETING



UNVEILED BY THE PRINCE AT ALL HALLOWS, BARKING: THE FORSTER MEMORIAL, WHICH SHOWS A FIGURE OF LORD FORSTER'S YOUNGER SON, BUT BEARS NO NAME.

During his visit to Hastings, when he opened the new White Rock Pavilion and dedicated to the public that part of the Sussex Weald which is known as the Fire Hills, the Prince of Wales drove through the old town until he reached an arch based on blocks of ice and built of boats, barrels, and fish-nets. There the Hastings fishermen welcomed him. He was presented with a replica of the Oar-mace, the old symbol of office used by the Bailiff when boarding ships suspected of carrying contraband; and he was admitted a member of the Winkle Club, and given a gold-mounted winkle. The Winkle Club, it may be added, is akin to the Ancient Order of Frothblowers, but is much older. Its object is to raise money for Christmas "treats" for children by fining those who fail to show their winkle on the call to "winkle up."—On April 1 a Berlin newspaper



THE BEAM WIRELESS SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON AND AUSTRALIA, OPENED ON APRIL 8: THE RECEIVING AND SENDING ROOM AT THE CENTRAL RADIO OFFICE OF THE G.P.O.

published photographs purporting to show the Prince of Wales in Berlin, with a statement that his Royal Highness had arrived by aeroplane. There was much excitement until it was discovered that the whole thing was an April 1st joke.—When he was at Hastings, the Prince of Wales "tipped" his horse Lady Doon to win.—On April 7 his Royal Highness assisted at the dedication of the recently discovered fourteenth-century crypt at All Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, and of the Forster Memorial. This shows a recumbent figure of Lord Forster's younger son, but, by Lord Forster's wish, the memorial is not solely personal, and it bears neither name nor date.—To mark the opening of the Beam Wireless System between England and Australia, the Governor-General of Australia sent a message to the King, and messages from friends were sent to the Duke and Duchess of York.

"YOU KEEP YOUR FOOT ON THE

MAJOR SEGRAVE'S GREAT FEAT



1. HOLDER OF THE WOMAN'S WORLD SPEED "RECORD": Mlle. JOAN LA COSTA, IN HER CAR ON THE ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH (SMOOTH AS A BILLIARD-TABLE), WHERE SHE LATELY DID 134.44 M.P.H.

"UNTIL Major Segrave made his record," says Mr. Hamilton M. Wright, "Sig Haugdahl (the Norwegian racing motorist) had gone faster in an automobile than any other man, although his record was not official, having been timed by representatives of the International Motor Corporation, and not under the auspices of the American Automobile Association. No one has ever questioned its authenticity. Two widely known timers, who had timed many A.A.A. meets, timed his trial (180.27 m.p.h., in April 1922 on Daytona Beach). Sig was among the first to congratulate Major Segrave, and during the trials gave him every bit of knowledge of the beach contours that he had gained through his years of intimacy with the track. He now owns a garage at Daytona Beach."



2. MOTOR-CAR BEATS AEROPLANE: A HIGH-POWERED RACER WINS FROM A STANDING START OVER A MILE COURSE ON THE ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH IN FLORIDA.



3. WHERE OVER 50,000 PEOPLE SAW MAJOR SEGRAVE BREAK THE WORLD'S SPEED RECORD WITH 203 M.P.H.: PART OF THE ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH (27 MILES LONG BY 500 FT. WIDE) PACKED WITH CARS ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

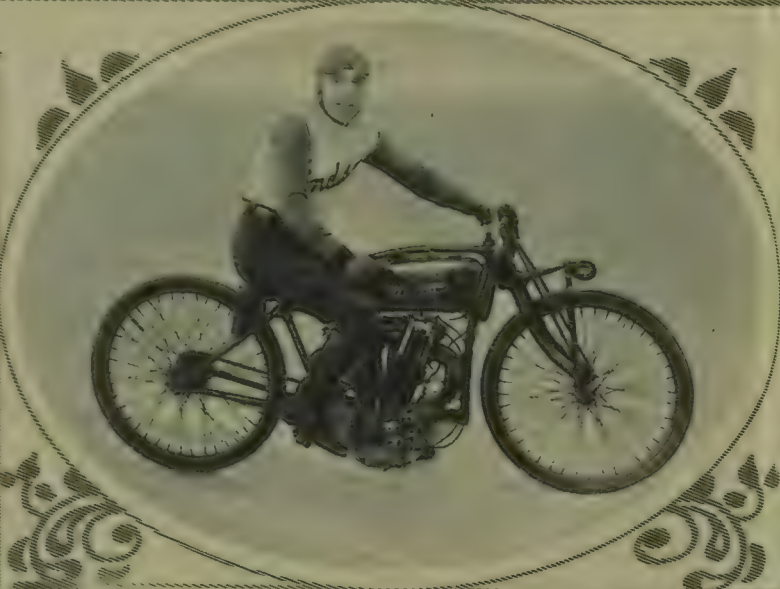


4. TOMMY MILTON IN HIS DUESENBERG SPECIAL: THE PREVIOUS HOLDER OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION'S OFFICIAL RECORD ON THE DAYTONA TRACK—156 M.P.H., BEATEN BY MAJOR SEGRAVE'S INITIAL TRIAL.



5. SIG HAUGDAHL IN HIS WISCONSIN SPECIAL: THE NORWEGIAN WHO DID THE PREVIOUS FASTEST TIME—180.27 M.P.H.—UNOFFICIALLY.

"AT 180 m.p.h.," says Sig Haugdahl, "the closest you can drive to a straight line is 100 feet. That is closest to a line that you can follow, and rushing along at that tremendous speed you do not know but that the slightest move may throw you into the ocean on the one hand, or the sand dunes on the other. The front wheels turning at 180 m.p.h. act like gyroscopes, and won't turn quite enough with the steering gear to keep the car in a straight line. That is one of the dangers of driving fast. When you get above 160 m.p.h., the air resistance overcomes the traction of the rear wheels, and they do not hold the ground. You keep your foot on the throttle and pray to God."



6. HOLDER OF THE SPEED RECORD FOR MOTOR-CYCLES: JOHN SEYMOUR, WHO IN JANUARY 1926 ACCOMPLISHED 117.36 M.P.H. ON THE ORMOND-DAYTONA BEACH.

Photograph No. 9 above is among the first to reach this country illustrating Major H. O. D. Segrave's wonderful motoring feat on Daytona Beach, Florida, in his 1000-h.p. Sunbeam car, on March 29, when he made a new world's speed "record" of 203.988 m.p.h. for the mile, and at one time reached a speed, with the wind, of 207.507 m.p.h. The previous official world's "record" was 172 m.p.h., made by the late Mr. Parry Thomas, who was recently killed in his attempt to increase it on Pendine Sands. The previous American Automobile Association record for the United States was 156.04 m.p.h., made by Mr. Tommy Milton, on April 19, 1920. This was surpassed, unofficially, by the 180.27 m.p.h. of Mr. Sig Haugdahl, a Norwegian, in 1922. In a recent interview, explaining how he solved the problem of wheel balance (noted above), Mr. Haugdahl said: "We had got the body down to the lowest possible wind-resistance. But I found that when the car reached 150 to 160 m.p.h., it got to shaking at a terrific rate. So we took the motor down and looked over the crank-shaft. I figured out it

Born in Days of Change: A Type of Chinese Womanhood.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MARY MACLEOD (MRS. R. N. MACLEOD). BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"SUNG MEI, DAUGHTER OF ZEE HAI-DOO": A PORTRAIT OF A CHINESE GIRL BY A BRITISH WOMAN ARTIST.

In these days of change and upheaval in China, it is interesting to speculate as to the ideas of the rising generation in that vast country, and especially the attitude of the young women towards the political chaos and military turbulence which they see around them. It is sometimes suggested that domestic life in China proceeds placidly regardless of these things: The above portrait of a typical modern Chinese girl is the work of a well-known artist,

Mrs. R. N. Macleod, whose exhibition held at the Alpine Club Galleries included a number of interesting studies of people and places in China and incidents of Chinese life. Of Sung Mei herself, no particulars are given, beyond the name of her father. We are not told her age, her social position, or the place where she lives. Her picturesque costume is in the native fashion, but her hair and shoes seem to suggest a touch of Western influence.

A "Turner" of Industrial "Landscape": Pennell Visions of Machinery.

FROM THE LITHOGRAPHS BY THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL. (SEE ARTICLE ON A LATER PAGE.)

"INDIANA HARBOUR," BY THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL: A TURNERESQUE IMPRESSION OF THE LURID GRANDEUR IN GREAT INDUSTRIAL SCENES WHICH INSPIRED THE FINAL PHASE OF HIS WORK.



"AT MONS—LOOKING TOWARDS THE FRONTIER": A STRIKING EXAMPLE OF THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL'S STUDIES OF INDUSTRIAL DISTRICTS ON THE WESTERN FRONT DURING HIS VISITS TO BELGIUM AND FRANCE.

The masterly work in lithography and etching of the late Mr. Joseph Pennell, the famous American artist, who died last April, was frequently reproduced in our pages during his lifetime. Among other examples, our readers will remember his wonderful drawings of the Panama Canal, of New York's majestic skyscrapers, and of the Government buildings at Washington. Towards the end

of his life he became impressed with the wonders of modern architecture on the gigantic scale, and, above all, with the lurid grandeur of great industrial works. In the imaginative interpretation of such subjects he made himself supreme among modern artists. His atmospheric effects recall Turner's picture, "Rain, Steam, and Speed: the Great Western Railway." As noted in the [Continued opposite.

The Pictorial Grandeur of Industry: A Great Artist's Impressions.

FROM THE LITHOGRAPHS BY THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL. (SEE ARTICLE ON A LATER PAGE.)



"THE DEMONS OF THE DUMPS": JOSEPH PENNELL'S IMAGINATIVE IMPRESSION OF MINING OPERATIONS AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, WITH STRUCTURES SUGGESTIVE OF MECHANICAL "DINOSAURS"



"THE IRON GATE, CHARLEROI": A PENNELL LITHOGRAPH, PROBABLY DESTROYED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR," REPRESENTING A STRUCTURE HE DESCRIBED AS "A PROTECTION AGAINST STRIKERS BUT SCARCE AGAINST GUNS."

Continued.
article on Joseph Pennell's work as an illustrator, by Mr. Frank Davis, given on a later page in this number, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has honoured his memory by arranging a memorial exhibition of his drawings, lithographs, and etchings, and has issued a memoir of him by his widow. Mrs. Pennell was associated with her husband's work for forty years and accompanied him on many expeditions. To her he dedicated his autobiography,

which appeared in 1895, "The Adventures of an Illustrator" (Fisher Unwin). It contains an account, marked by bitter hatred of the war, of his own experiences at the Front. A reproduction in it of "The Iron Gate, Charleroi," is described as "a lithograph probably destroyed at the beginning of the war," with a comment adding: "This gate was a protection against strikers but scarce against guns."

"A City Set on an Hill": Durham's Majestic Shrine.



"DURHAM": A BEAUTIFUL STUDY OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S GRANDEST CATHEDRALS.

From the Water-Colour by James Paterson, P.R.S.W., R.S.A., shown at the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours' Exhibition, 1925. By Courtesy of the Artist. (Artist's Copyright Reserved.)

SHANGHAI: BRITISH TROOPS WHO STOPPED A "RUSH" INTO THE SETTLEMENT.

CHINESE CIVILIANS
FLYING FOR SAFETY
OUT OF THE ZONE
OF FIGHTING:
A PARTY OF
TERRIFIED WOMEN
AND CHILDREN
RUSHING ALONG
A STREET IN
SHANGHAI CLOSE
TO THE DEFENCES
OF THE
INTERNATIONAL
SETTLEMENT—
A TYPICAL SCENE
AFTER THE CAPTURE
OF THE NATIVE
CITY BY THE
CANTONESE.



CLEARING STREETS IN THE SETTLEMENT ON THE APPROACH OF THE CANTONESE:
SHANGHAI VOLUNTEERS WITH FIXED BAYONETS AND STEEL HELMETS (THEIR SERVICE
HATS SLUNG BEHIND).

A "WHITE" RUSSIAN OFFICER CLIMBING A BRITISH BARRICADE AS A CHINESE
SOLDIER (BEYOND) APPROACHED HIM REVOLVER IN HAND: AN INCIDENT ON THE
ENTRY OF THE CANTONESE.



SOME OF THE FEW
NORTHERN CHINESE
SOLDIERS
REMAINING IN
SHANGHAI WHEN
THE CANTONESE
ARRIVED, FIRING
REVOLVERS AT
SNIPERS IN
NEIGHBOURING
HOUSES:
A PHOTOGRAPH
TAKEN THROUGH
THE BARRICADE
SURROUNDING THE
INTERNATIONAL
SETTLEMENT, AT A
POINT NEAR THE
NORTH STATION.

the boundaries, and heard firing immediately beyond them at several points. In the neighbourhood of the railway station, artillery, machine-gun, and rifle-firing was proceeding intermittently. Apparently the Northern troops holding the station are being sniped by Southern irregulars from adjacent houses." On March 22 the same writer said: "This afternoon part of the Cantonesse army arrived and attempted to disarm the Shantung men (Northerners). The latter resisted and a fight ensued. The Shantung men were surrounded and sought to escape by rushing the Settlement, and actually succeeded in entering at many points in a restricted area, where, thanks to the pluck and promptness of the Durhams, they were checked and taken prisoners. Nearly 1000 were disarmed by the Durhams, and another 1000 surrendered to Japanese Marines. About sixty were killed and many wounded." A few days ago Shanghai had a further alarm, after the recent Cantonesse (Nationalist) reverse at Chinkiang. An "Exchange" message of April 11 said: "The Nationalists have evacuated Chinkiang and are retreating in a disorderly manner towards Shanghai, necessitating the strongest precautions. The French have already been compelled to open fire to prevent the ingress of a routed mob."

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



AN OXFORD "BLUE" MARRIED: MR. C. E. W. MACKINTOSH AND LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH.

The wedding of Mr. C. E. W. Mackintosh and Lady Jean Douglas-Hamilton, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, took place on April 8 in the private chapel at Dungavel, Lanarkshire.



GOLF, THE WORLD-CONQUEROR: THE KING OF SIAM PLAYING AT BANGKOK.

King Prajaitipok was crowned at Bangkok on February 25, 1926.



INVENTOR OF A COIN-IN-THE-SLOT PHOTOGRAPHIC MACHINE WHICH HAS BROUGHT HIM £200,000: MR. ANATOL JOSEPHO.

Mr. Josepho is an emigrant from Russia to New York. He has received £200,000 for his invention, which, responding to a coin, takes a series of eight photographs of different poses.



LT. A. C. DUFFIELD.

Of the 2nd Battalion, East Surrey Regiment. Placed under arrest after Lieut.-Col. J. S. Fitzgerald had been found shot at Gibraltar.



COL. J. S. FITZGERALD.

Of the 2nd Battalion, East Surrey Regiment. Fatally shot in the orderly room at Gibraltar. Joined Royal Irish Regiment, 1900.



VICE-ADMIRAL SIR MICHAEL H. HODGES.

New Second Sea Lord To succeed Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir Hubert Brand, who will command the Atlantic Fleet.



SIR ERNEST HODDER-WILLIAMS.

(Died, April 8; aged 50.) Head of the publishing house of Hodder and Stoughton and a member of the City Corporation.



MME. YONE SUZUKI.

Head of the famous Japanese firm, Suzuki and Co., which has been reported in temporary difficulties. Said to be worth £30,000,000.



MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JOCELYN PERCY.

British officer in command, Albanian gendarmerie. Appointed to command the Albanian forces in the Scutari zone.



THE EIGHTH EARL OF DARNLEY

(Died, April 10; aged 68.) Well known to cricketers as the Hon. Ivo Bligh. Captain of English XI. in Australia, 1882-3. Owned "The Ashes."



MAJOR SEGRAVE TELEPHONING THE NEWS OF HIS SUCCESS FROM FLORIDA TO HIS WIFE IN LONDON: THE GREAT RACING MOTORIST AFTER TRAVELLING AT 203.988 MILES AN HOUR.

Driving his 1000-h.p. Sunbeam, Major Segrave covered the kilometre at 202.988 miles per hour; the mile at 203.988 m.p.h.; the five kilometres at 202.675 m.p.h.



SIR JACOBUS GRAAF.

(Died, April 5; aged 64.) South African business man and politician. Formerly Minister of Public Works, Posts, and Telegraphs in South Africa.

On April 7 Lieut.-Colonel James Stephen Fitzgerald, commanding the 2nd Batt., East Surrey Regiment, at Gibraltar, was shot fatally. Lieut. Austin Christopher Duffield, aged twenty-seven, of the same regiment, was placed under arrest. Colonel Fitzgerald served in France and Belgium during the war, and was taken prisoner. From 1922 to 1923 he was Deputy-Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General of the Southern Command. Lieut. Duffield is the regimental musketry officer and an expert machine-gunner.—Sir Michael Hodges has been second in command to Admiral Sir Roger Keyes in the Mediterranean for the past two years. In April 1918 he became Chief of Staff to Admiral Madden, Second in

Command of the Grand Fleet.—Sir (John) Ernest Hodder-Williams, who died on April 8, of heart failure, had been in the publishing business for some thirty years, and was also keenly interested in City affairs. Apart from his chief firm, he was chairman of the company owning the "Lancet."—It was reported the other day that Messrs. Suzuki and Co. had announced that they were obliged to suspend new business transactions and the payment of bills; but it was not anticipated that the firm would fail, and stated that the suspension was but a temporary measure. Mme. Yone Suzuki, who built up the organisation, lives the secluded life of a Japanese woman of the old régime.

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise



THE MINISTERING HUSBAND

"My Lovebird must obey me and lie still,
Poor little Pet—so pale and drawn and ill!
'Only a headache?' Stuff and nonsense, dear,
You're in for some grave malady, I fear."

"Bite this thermometer and do not speak,
I'll nurse you night and day, and fan your cheek:
For Heaven's sake don't sob and look depressed—
There's 'always hope while we've ABDULLA'S best."

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN

VIRGINIA

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Princess Victoria. Princess Victoria is seen about London more now than she has been for months, and her friends are very much pleased with the evident improvement in her health. Never very strong, she was seriously ill for a considerable time after the death of Queen Alexandra, to whom she was devoted, and it has taken her a long time to recover. The air at The Coppins, her beautiful home near Iwer, in Buckinghamshire, suits her, and she enjoys being so conveniently near London that she can frequently come to town, or be visited by her friends.



MOVER OF THE SECOND READING
OF THE BILL
FOR THE REGISTRATION
OF NURSING HOMES:
MRS. HILTON PHILIPSON, M.P.

the second reading of which was moved by Mrs. Hilton Philipson, is intended to remove what pretty well everyone knows to be a very serious scandal. Mrs. Philipson told a story about a woman she knew who was obliged to pay heavily to enter a nursing home, where there was no one qualified to nurse her, and who died as the result of this ignorance. It is, of course, in the homes catering for poor people and chronic senile cases that the greatest danger lies. If the Bill passes, the person in charge of a nursing home, and some of the staff, must be qualified nurses, and that will be a great advance. One would like to see a general reform in nursing homes of all classes. Most of them charge far too much, and some of those to which first-class doctors have to send their cases have far too low a standard of comfort and efficiency. The Bill will probably deal with such

A Very Good Bill.

The Bill for the registration of nursing homes, but it may level up the general standard.

This is the sort of useful, practical measure that Mrs. Philipson likes to promote. She was never meant to be a keen politician, but she is a kindly woman, and, as she said to a gathering of women at the beginning of her Parliamentary career, though she was far too busy earning her living and looking after her brothers and sisters at the height of the women's movement to take any part in it, she

ENGAGED TO SIR DONALD
MAKGILL OF KEMBACK:
MISS ESTHER BROMLEY.

does wish to help women where she can.

It was an odd fate that made her a Member of Parliament and bound her to the House of Commons for so many years. One doubts whether she would have stepped into the breach so readily, and won the seat from which her husband had been displaced, if she had known that, instead of going into Parliament for a short term, she was to prove so popular in her constituency that she would be obliged to hold it as a safe seat for her party. She always looks rather pathetic among the politicians, as if she had strayed in by some fairy mischance. Though she listens intently to the debates, one feels sure that she has only folded her wings for a moment, and will presently flutter away.

A Spring Engagement. Miss Esther Bromley, whose engagement to Sir Donald Makgill of Kemback, Fifeshire, has just been announced, is the daughter of the late Sir Robert

Bromley, and niece of the present Baronet. Her mother, the Hon. Lady Bromley, is the daughter of Lord Pauncefoot, first Ambassador to America, who, when he died, left three daughters, but no heir to the Barony. Sir Donald Makgill, who is twenty-eight, succeeded his father, Sir George Makgill, six months ago.

Lady Ravensdale. As in previous years, Lady Ravensdale has taken a house in town for the season. This time it is in Deanery Street, and she will soon be arranging there the beautiful things she collected during her year of travel in the Far East. Perhaps she inherited her love of travel from her father, who prepared himself for public life by travels in Persia and other Eastern countries, gaining information and experience that were of the greatest value to him in after years. It would be interesting to know whether Lady Ravensdale is also going to interest herself in public affairs. She will, of course, if and when the Peeresses in their own right are admitted to the Lords; but will she take up some special line of social work meantime?

Lady Ravensdale is taking part in the fine pageant Miss Olga Lynn has arranged for Miss Marie Tempest's matinée in aid of the Save the Children Fund on May 6, at which Princess Mary will be present. Miss Constance Collier will take the part of Cleopatra; Mrs. Norton that of Titania, who (when you come to think of it) was not much of a success as a lover; and Lady Ravensdale will appear as Catherine of Russia.

A Scottish Débutante.

Lady Elizabeth Lindsay, the third of the Earl of Crawford's six daughters, who is now nineteen, will be one of the season's débutantes. Her two elder sisters, Lady Margaret (who is extraordinarily like Lord Crawford) and Lady Anne, who are several years her senior, came out some time ago. When her nephew, the infant Master of Lindsay, Lord and Lady Balmiel's son, was christened at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week, Lady Elizabeth was one of his godmothers, and the other was Lady Patricia Herbert, Lord Pembroke's only daughter.



THE DÉBUTANTE DAUGHTER OF
THE EARL OF CRAWFORD: LADY
ELIZABETH LINDSAY.

The Ruling Race.

It must amuse the Duchess of York—though, of course, it will not in the least surprise her—to find that her countrymen are ruling distant and important parts of the Empire, just as they rule England. After staying with her Scottish friends, the Governor-General of New Zealand and his wife, she was welcomed in Australia by the

Governor-General of the Commonwealth, Lord Stonehaven—formerly Sir John Baird of Urie, Stonehaven—and his wife, who was Lady Ethel Keith-Falconer, elder daughter of the Earl of Kintore and granddaughter of the sixth Duke of Manchester. Lord Kintore has been more or less connected with the Royal Family since he became Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria more than forty years ago, but he was for six years Governor of South Australia. Before his marriage, Sir John Baird had

been appointed Consul-General in Abyssinia, and he took his bride for a camping-out

honeymoon in that remote land. Lady Stonehaven, who is a capable woman, full of energy, was much liked by the Australians who met her in London at an Australia House reception before she went out. She has two sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom is married to a nephew of the Earl of Crawford, Mr. Michael Mason, a young man who has crowded adventures in many parts of the world into his short life.

Lady Kintore has been travelling for several months in the Far East with her second daughter, Lady Hilda Keith-Falconer, and will visit Australia before returning to England.

A Brilliant Hostess.

The Queen of Spain and Queen Christina, the Queen-Mother, must have given great pleasure to Lady Rumbold, the wife of the British Ambassador to the Court at Madrid, when they attended both the receptions which were held at the British Embassy on two successive days last week. The two Princesses were also present, and Queen Victoria's eldest son, the Prince of Asturias. On both occasions people well known in Madrid

society, including the wife of the Swiss Minister, took part in the performance of a sparkling French comedy, to the delight of the other guests.

Lady Rumbold, a handsome and distinguished-looking woman, who is very popular in Madrid, is a notable hostess, and her brilliant parties are the more enjoyable because, like her husband, Sir Horace Rumbold she speaks the beautiful Spanish language fluently. She is the daughter of a diplomat, the late Sir Edmond Fane, who was British Minister

to Denmark many years ago, and she has accompanied her husband to many countries. When he was Minister at Berne, during the war, Lady Rumbold, who has a talent for organisation, was President of the British Red Cross in Switzerland. Immediately after the war Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold went to the British Legation in Poland, and the following year they made their home in Constantinople, where he was High Commissioner.



WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR-
GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: LADY
STONEHAVEN.



A VERY LEGAL WEDDING: MR. AND
LADY ANKARET JACKSON (FORMERLY
LADY ANKARET HOWARD).

The wedding of Lady Ankaret Howard, the daughter of the late Earl of Carlisle, and of Rhoda Lady Carlisle, to Mr. W. Jackson, took place at the Temple Church last week. There was a large and distinguished gathering present, including the Duchess of Norfolk. Both bride and bridegroom are destined for the Bar.



WIFE OF THE BRITISH
AMBASSADOR AT MADRID:
LADY RUMBOLD.

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April 25th.—CHINESE WORKS OF ART, the property of a Collector.

April 26th.—A magnificent series of ETCHINGS BY REMBRANDT VAN RHYN; also ENGRAVINGS, by A. Durer and Lucas van Leyden; DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS, sold by Order of Miss SEYMOUR'S TRUSTEE.

Illustrated Catalogues (4 plates), 2s.

April 27th.—DRAWINGS BY OLD MASTERS, including an important Drawing by Durer, the property of C. W. MURRAY, Esq., from the Collection of the late Hon. Sir Charles Murray, K.C.B.

Illustrated Catalogues may be had.

April 27th—29th.—Valuable PRINTED BOOKS, EUROPEAN and ORIENTAL MINIATURES, and MANUSCRIPTS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, etc.,



SALE, APRIL 26th. PORTRAIT OF JAN SYLVIVS, BY REMBRANDT.



SALE, MAY 5th. FINE SUIT OF GREENWICH ARMOUR FROM THE PEMBROKE COLLECTION.

comprising the property of LIEUT.-COL. THE HON. GEORGE DE GREY, and of the late SIR EVELYN GRANT-DUFF, K.C.M.G. (Sold by the Order of Lady Grant-Duff, C.B.E.)

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April 28th.—MILLED COINS, from Cromwell to Victoria, the property of R. CYRIL LOCKETT, Esq.

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May 2nd.—A Collection of ETCHINGS and OLD MASTER ENGRAVINGS, formed by the late HORATIO J. LUCAS, Esq., between 1860 and 1873.

May 3rd—6th.—THE MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ARMOUR and WEAPONS and WORKS OF ART, the property of the late S. J. WHAWELL, Esq., sold by Order of His Executors, the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company, Ltd., and Mrs. Appleyard.

Illustrated Catalogues (32 plates), One Guinea.

May 9th—13th.—BOOKS, PRINTS, SILVER, FURNITURE and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, the property of the late GEORGE A. CRAWLEY, Esq., sold by Order of Mrs. Crawley. Illustrated Catalogues—Silver (1 plate); Furniture, Etc. (10 plates), 5s.

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May 12th.—IMPORTANT ENGLISH AND FRENCH PICTURES, including Portraits by Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Nattier, and Hoppner; SPORTING PICTURES, by Alken, Ben Marshall, Sartorius, and Wolstenholme, including the property of LORD VERNON, and of the late S. J. WHAWELL, Esq. Illustrated Catalogue (5 plates) 2/6.

May 13th.—A magnificent series of twenty-four Panels of Eighteenth-Century CHINESE WALLPAPER, the property of HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ATHOLL. Sales on View at least two days prior. Catalogues may be had.



SALE, MAY 12th. SIR J. REYNOLDS, P.R.A., PORTRAIT OF MR. T. H. RUMBOLD, AS A YOUNG MAN.

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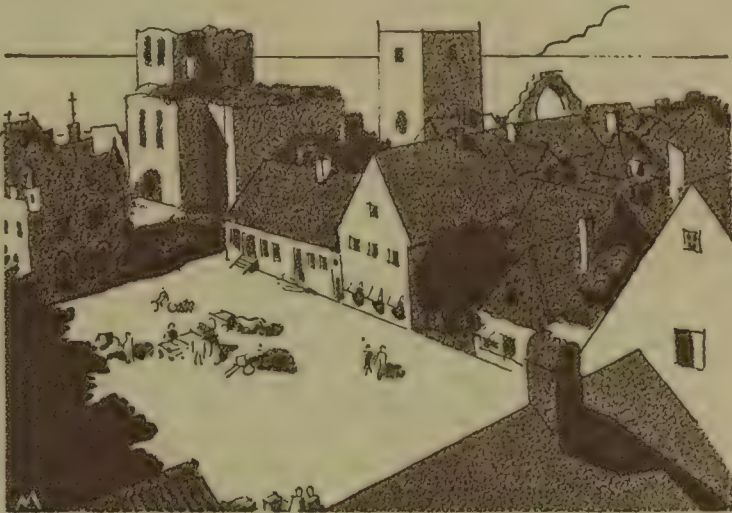
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The relics of the glory that was Gothland are still to be seen. Visby is the chief place, a town of crooked streets and over-

hanging houses, old gardens and rose bushes. A towered wall of limestone encircles Visby, from which the ruins of her eleven churches are visible. The environs of Stockholm, and the southern province of Scania too, are rich in antiquities — Gothic castles and old manor houses.

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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL IN VIENNA.

THE numerous English visitors who went to Vienna for the Beethoven Centenary Festival in the last week of March were probably for the most part Beethoven enthusiasts, for March is still a little too early for Vienna and the country round to offer other enjoyments than those of music. A week's round of concerts and opera nightly is an arduous ordeal, and it is quite certain that there is no other composer but Beethoven who could stand such a severe test. The festival was well planned. It began with a reception of delegates who all made speeches—but admirably brief speeches! Before the speeches there was a performance of the Cantata written in memory of the Emperor Joseph II., composed in 1790, when Beethoven was about twenty years old; and after the speeches there was given the "Choral Fantasia."

The Cantata is a melodious and smoothly written work of conventional pattern, but with a touch of Beethoven's individuality occasionally audible. It is quite unknown to the musical public, and its performance was chiefly of historical interest. It showed, however, that already at the age of twenty Beethoven was able to compose an elaborate work with all the skill and fluency of an academic master. This interesting fact is worth remembering, in view of the many loose statements which are made by critics, who declare that Beethoven never received an adequate early training. The boy who wrote the Joseph Cantata was already in possession of the technique of the average Kapellmeister-composer of his day, and that is saying a good deal.

This performance took place on Saturday, March 26. The following Sunday morning saw the performance of the "Missa Solemnis," under the director of the Opera, Franz Schalk, who conducted what was the finest performance of this work I have ever heard—or ever expect to hear. Its merit was due mainly to the magnificently selected and trained choir, taken from the State Opera House. Comparatively small in numbers, it was astonishingly rich in volume, and it knew the music backwards; consequently, instead of one's getting the usual impression of the work's immense difficulty, one felt that it was as easy to sing as the easiest of Schubert's songs, and for the first time the actual music of the Mass could make itself

directly felt. The playing of the orchestra was not quite on the same level. It seemed as if there had been too much work for the orchestra to cover during the festival for it to spend much time rehearsing the Mass, for the ensemble was not always perfect, and the orchestra certainly did not play with all the precision and verve which was, later on, put into the performances of "Fidelio" and the "Eroica" Symphony.

The "Missa Solemnis" is one of those works which must be almost perfectly performed to be properly appreciated. The choir must be able to tackle the B flats with ease, and it must know the music so well that the conductor can concentrate on the phrasing and the expression generally. On this occasion there was the additional virtue of a superb quartet, consisting of Richard Mayr (bass), Gallos (tenor), Andrally (contralto), and Elizabeth Schumann (soprano). I shall never forget the ease and fluency with which Elizabeth Schumann sang this extraordinarily difficult music, nor the grave dignity of her interpretation, which was all the more noteworthy when one considers that her specialty in opera is for soubrette parts.

On Sunday evening, Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music, was given at the Opera House. The stage setting was magnificent, and the play was well acted, although the German actor is, on the whole, more melodramatic and less subtle than the English. The most important part of the music is the overture, which is well known, as it is often played in the concert-hall, and the beautiful Klärchen songs, which were sung behind the stage by Lotte Lehmann with exquisite feeling.

There were two chamber music concerts, at which the great B flat trio and other works were played by Casals, Huberman, and Friedman; but the best of the concerts was the symphonic concert at which Casals conducted the Eighth Symphony, and Weingartner the "Eroica." Casals had never conducted in Vienna before, although he is famous there as a 'cellist, and draws larger and more enthusiastic audiences than any other artist. He was not in his best form, probably because he was nervous, and also because the orchestra was not accustomed to his methods. The impression he made upon the best judges in Vienna was of lacking the technique of a conductor and being amateurish. His extreme bodily movements had no corresponding effect upon

the orchestra, and he failed to make them play with that rhythmic elasticity and certainty that is a feature of his own 'cello playing.

The difference was very marked when Felix Weingartner took the baton for the "Eroica" Symphony. Weingartner, who is well over sixty, has become, in recent years, notable for the precision and fine proportions of his readings of Beethoven, but has seemed to lack conviction and vigour. But on this occasion both conductor and orchestra were obviously on their mettle. Under the great bust of Beethoven, and in the presence of the assembled delegates from almost all European countries, they were prepared to give such a performance of the "Eroica" Symphony as had never been heard before. And they did. I doubt if anyone who heard that performance will ever forget it. It was without blemish from beginning to end; but beyond all perfection of detail and proportion was the overwhelming verve with which it was played. It was positively electrifying, and when it was over, there was a breathless hush, as if the audience were conscious to an individual that it had had a unique experience. This was undoubtedly, so far, the peak of the festival, and I realised for the first time in my life why Beethoven considered the "Eroica" as the greatest of his first eight symphonies.

But the festival was to rise once again to this height, and that was in the performance of "Fidelio" at the Opera House, under Franz Schalk. There was a new special setting for this performance, and Lotte Lehmann was to take the part of Leonora, and Alfred Piccaver the part of Florestan—both for the first time in Vienna. The Viennese expressed doubts as to Lehmann's capacity to fill adequately so simple and heroic a rôle; and, also, Piccaver, who has made his name there as a lyric tenor in Italian opera, was considered to be a daring experiment.

Lotte Lehmann triumphantly justified her choice. She was magnificent from beginning to end, for not only did she sing beautifully, but she acted with wonderful dignity and dramatic intensity. Piccaver's performance, although less striking, was good. All the minor parts were excellent, and the ensemble was perfect. The prisoners' choruses were magnificently sung, and the scene was constructed so that their emerging in isolated groups from their dungeons, instead of in one great crowd, was immensely more effective than usual. One of the details which

(Continued on page 700.)

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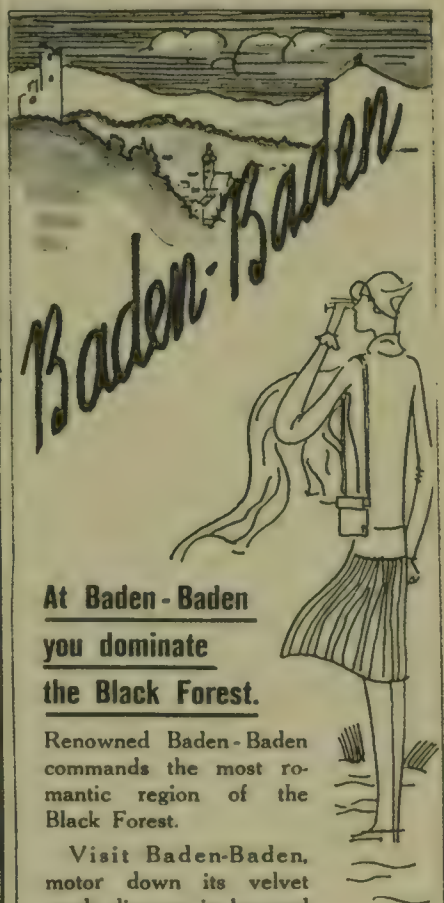
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR. THE 10-H.P. SALOON.

ONE of the outstanding features of the trend of motor-car design of to-day is the rate of improvement which has been shown in the quality of the small saloon—I mean particularly the really small saloon with an engine of approximately 10-h.p. This type of car made its first serious appearance something like three years ago, and I remember that it created quite a sensation even in those days of all sorts and conditions of new types. They were, on the whole, I think, fairly successful, but there is absolutely no comparison between them and their successors in 1927.

The old cars used, with few exceptions, to be decidedly of the fussy type. Their little engines were in some ways very efficient, but for the most part they had been designed to do considerably lighter work, and to drive only light two or four-seater bodies. When their chassis were loaded with even a light saloon, and that most depressing factor for a small engine, wind resistance, put in its inevitable appearance, they became small cars which had to be pretty hard-driven. As a natural consequence, their engines tended to become noisy after a comparatively short time, and the power used to fall off rather more quickly than with other types. Their body-work was not, as a rule, particularly good, comfort in most cases having been severely sacrificed to weight-saving. Still, we thought them rather remarkable machines.

Compared with the latest type to-day, what should we think of them now? Three years is a very short time in the evolution of motor design, and I doubt if any type of car has ever improved so fast over the same period as the little saloon. It is infinitely superior to its prototype in every respect. Whether the baby saloon is going to remain in favour is a question which nobody can answer now. It has many excellent points, such as quite remarkable performance, a fair degree of comfort, reliability, and, generally speaking, absence of superfluous noise. It therefore fulfils a respectable number of the conditions required by the average buyer of low-priced closed cars. But it is still very small, both in engine size and body accommodation, and it is still necessarily a very hard-worked member of the family garage. My own impression is that it has, a good long lease of life before it yet,

especially if and when the lighter types of body construction are introduced for it. It is undoubtedly a very useful type of carriage, if it is not asked to do more than its makers designed it to do.

The latest of this type that I have tried is the £260 Singer "Senior" Saloon, a model which is probably



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK" IN A PICTURESQUE SPRING SETTING: A 10-H.P. SINGER SALOON AMONG THE DEER IN RICHMOND PARK—THE "POPULAR" "SENIOR" MODEL COSTING ONLY £260.

one of the most popular of its class. The engine is a four-cylinder with a bore and stroke of 63 by 105, which gives a cubic capacity of about 1300 cc., and implies a horse-power tax of £10. The overhead valves are operated by push-rods, and are fitted with double valve-springs. The combustion spaces are machined, which accounts, in part, for the decided smoothness of running. The engine is lubricated

on the pump and trough system, the oil-filter being placed in a particularly accessible position in an arm of the crank-case extension, so that there is no excuse for allowing this to get dirty. There is the usual oil-pressure gauge on the dash, and the level of the oil is shown on the usual type of dipper rod. The engine is accessibly arranged, both carburetter and magneto being easily get-at-able. The clutch, which conveys the power to the three-speed gear-box, is of the single dry-plate type, the withdrawal thrust race being automatically oiled from the gear-box when the clutch is out, while the spigot-bearing is lubricated from the engine.

The gear-box has right-hand control, the ratios being—top, 5 to 1; second, 9.23 to 1; and bottom, 17.1 to 1. The final transmission to the rear axle is by an open tubular propeller shaft with the usual fabric joints at each end. The springs are quarter-elliptic to the back axle, and semi-elliptic to the front, supplemented by shock-absorbers of the friction disc type. Unusually large low-pressure tyres are fitted, the dimensions being 28 by 4.25 inches—a size one finds on many 12 and 14-h.p. cars. The seven-gallon petrol-tank is carried at the rear, the supply to the carburetter being maintained by an autovac.

One has usually to make certain allowances when judging the performance of these baby saloons, but, except in one respect, I did not find that the small Singer needed any excuses made for it. The engine shows a good degree of flexibility, and picks up smartly. It seemed to me that the speedometer (which, incidentally, was one of the most steady I have ever seen) was exaggerating, but in any case there was no doubt that between thirty-five and forty miles an hour is a speed this little car can keep up on good roads with very little difficulty. If the engine does not run absolutely without vibration (and you cannot expect that at the price), such as there is slight, and there is no noticeable period throughout the range, showing that trouble has been taken to balance things properly. There is very little noise on top gear until the neighbourhood of forty miles an hour is reached, when the valve gear begins to make itself heard.

The springing I thought decidedly good, and the road-holding satisfactory. The only point I had to criticise was the steering, which, to my taste at all events, was too highly geared. It meant that there

[Continued overleaf.]

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(Continued.)

was a noticeable drag on corners at slow speeds. This little saloon is a plucky hill-climber. I took it up a hill which has a maximum gradient of one in six, and, although I had to use bottom gear, the speed of the car did not drop below 10 miles an hour, which is a very fair performance. The gears run refreshingly quietly. The four-wheel brake set operated by the pedal is satisfactory without being remarkable. Very little effort is needed to bring it into operation, and much the same can be said of the hand-operated pair. The body-work is surprisingly good, not so much from the point of view of finish, as from comfort. The finish is quite good, but the attraction to me is in the upholstery, which is pneumatic and unusually comfortable. There is plenty of room in the four-door saloon, even for people with long legs. The two front seats are of the separate bucket type, and independently adjustable for reach. The equipment includes two roof-lights, electric and bulb horns, an inside driving mirror, an automatic windscreen-wiper, blinds for the three rear windows, ash-trays, a hat-rack, and a sliding luggage-grid. It is really a comfortable little carriage, and at its price of £260 deserves the serious attention of those who have shallow pockets.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.

"THE WORLD OF MUSIC."—(Continued from Page 696.)

contributed to the astonishing effectiveness of this production of "Fidelio," was the placing of the Leonora No. 3 Overture after the prison scene, and in between the best two scenes of the opera. As a rule, I have heard it placed between the two acts of the opera, where it comes prematurely, and makes the great dungeon scene an anticlimax. But placed after the dungeon scene, it resumes the whole action of the opera, which is virtually finished at that point, and leads up to the closing scene of jubilation, which comes otherwise too abruptly after the intense drama of the prison scene. It is impossible to describe the effect of the Leonora Overture played here. I never want to hear it again except in that position. It was magnificently played, the orchestra on this occasion once again rising to the height reached in the "Eroica" Symphony. At its conclusion, the applause from all parts of the house lasted for about ten minutes, and Franz Schalk was obliged to bow his acknowledgments again and again, and finally had to make the orchestra rise and acknowledge the applause. I think everyone who heard this performance of "Fidelio" will agree that it was unforgettable.

W. J. TURNER.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3998.—By C. CHAPMAN, MODDERFONTEIN.

WHITE
1. Q takes Kt P
2. K to K 3rd (dis ch)
3. Kt to K 7th, mate.
If 1. — R to K 5th; 2. Q to Q 4th, R takes Q; 3. Kt mates. If 1. — B takes P; 2. K to Kt 4th (dis ch), R takes B (ch); 3. Q takes R mate. If 1. — P to R 6th; 2. Q takes R, P takes Q; 3. Kt mates. If 1. — P to Q 7th; 2. Q to Kt 7th (ch), B takes Q; 3. K takes R (dis ch and mate).

A splendid strategic composition, which makes us more deeply regret the accident of its misrepresentation on its original appearance. We have rarely published a finer or more vigorous piece of work, so brilliant in its varieties, or so prodigious in its sacrifices. As might be expected, it has decimated our list of solvers.

PROBLEM No. 4000.—By E. BOSWELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARNOLD LAYMAN (Sanford, Manitoba).—We are pleased to welcome you to the ranks of our solvers. As regards Pawn promotion, the law is that the moment a pawn reaches its eighth square, it must become a piece of its own colour at the choice of its player, quite irrespective of what similar pieces may be on the board. It can give check at once on its promotion; and there is a whole class of problems based on its range of action. Some famous examples are to be found where the same pawn may be made, according to Black's play, either Q, R, B, or Kt. The flaw you note in No. 3995 is simply removed by placing White's Rook on Q Kt sq.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia).—Your kindness is inexpressible. Many thanks.

P E DINGMAN (Orilla, Ontario).—A little care on your part would save much trouble. In No. 3995, if Black play, 2. K to K 4th, the solution is quite correctly given as 3. Kt to Q B 4th (mate). How do you get 3. Kt to Q Kt 4th?

CHARLES H BEATTY (Providence, R.I.).—Thanks for further contribution, which shall receive our careful attention.

S G O BARRETT AND R G BARRETT (Doganwy, Wales).—While your problem shows some sense of construction, you must carry your efforts much further before they can be seriously considered. Your proposed solution is nothing more than a blow from a bludgeon; but as it is, you have overlooked the defence of 1. Kt to Q 3rd, after which there is no mate.

GAPT. C P RODOCANACHIE (Athens), E S (Cramond), and MANY OTHERS.—We have already explained No. 3998 was wrongly printed, and made the necessary correction. Every lover of a splendid composition will find it worthy of his attention.

A EDMESTON (Worsley).—You are to be congratulated on having divined the nature of the error in No. 3998, and of mastering its superb intricacies. It fully deserves the high compliment you pay it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3995 received from Elmar B Hallman (Spartanburg, S.C.); of No. 3996 from Arnold Layman (Sanford, Manitoba), W S Sims, Junr. (Newport, R.I.), R B Cooke (Portland, Maine); and of No. 3997 from Victor Holtan (Oslo, Norway), W S Sims, Junr. (Newport, R.I.), Frank H Rollison (Keene, New Hampshire, U.S.A.), J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), Arnold Layman (Sanford, Manitoba), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Maine).

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the International Masters' Invitation Tournament at New York, between Messrs. VIDMAR and NEIMZOVITSCH.

(Queen's Gambit Declined—Alekhine Defence.)

WHITE (Dr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)	WHITE (Dr. V.)	BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	18. B to B 2nd	Kt to B 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K 3rd	19. K R to Q sq	Q R to K sq
3. P to B 4th	B to Kt 5th (ch)	20. Q to R 4th	
4. B to Q 2nd	Q to K 2nd		
5. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
6. P to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. B to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
8. Castles	B to Kt 2nd		
9. Q to B 2nd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
		20. White's double threat is so simply parried that it was scarcely worth while making, in view of the storm that is gathering. He does not, however, seem to realise the imminence of disaster.	
		21. R to Q 6th	B to R sq
		22. B to B sq	Q to K Kt 2nd
		23. B to K sq	P to K 5th
		24. B to B 3rd	P takes P
		25. R (Q 6th) to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd

So far as the game has gone, Black is certainly less subject to restraint along these lines than is usual in the older forms of the opening.

Recapturing with the wrong piece, and badly blocking his game as a consequence. The loss of time necessary to execute the purpose he had in view—the doubling of his Rooks—gives Black the opportunity of a finely developed attack.

15. P to K 4th

16. P takes K P

17. P to B 3rd

P takes P

P to K Kt 4th

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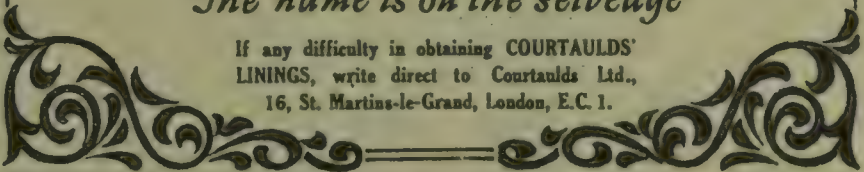
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THE Hastings and St. Leonards of to-day is often likened to a Phoenix; but the simile is not a good one, as the modern town has not arisen out of the ashes of its former self, but cheek by jowl with it. Herein lies the special charm of this old-young resort, and matter for satisfaction to all lovers of the ancient and beautiful. It is, moreover, blessed with as much sunshine as it is possible to average annually in our isles, and as little rain.

Hastings is so old that its origin is lost in a mist of legend. Naturally the town's chief claim to historical fame is its association with the Norman Conqueror, as every schoolboy knows; but, as a matter of fact, Hastings was an important place long before William and his host conferred immortality upon it. As early as 928 a Mint was established in the town. Under Norman sway the town rose to the zenith of its fame as a port, and the great Castle was built by William the Conqueror to defend his "lines of communication."

Hastings has always been the home of a hardy race of fishermen, who played their part in beating the Armada, and for untold centuries have carried on the industry which sustained the town. These fisherfolk still live in a little world apart. The Hastings fishing village is delightful, and so are the people in it, direct descendants of those hardy old seafarers who fought the Norman and beat the Spaniard. To their eternal credit, the makers of modern Hastings have left the Old Town practically alone, and it is devoutly to be hoped that generations to come will follow their example.

The final phase of Hastings' story is the town's rise to national fame as a health and pleasure resort. Reverting for a moment to ancient times, we may

could not readily adjust itself to altered conditions. The town's authorities adopted a policy of *laissez faire*, and made no effort to check the downward tendency, with the result that it sank to the level of a third or fourth rate watering-place.

Towards the end of the first decade of the present century, a new spirit became evident. The Corporation awoke to the fact that, if they wanted those visitors and permanent residents on whom the town relied for its very livelihood, they must provide



HASTINGS FROM THE CASTLE: A PICTURESQUE VIEW OF THE FAMOUS SUSSEX RESORT, WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES RECENTLY DEDICATED TO THE PUBLIC THE GORSE-CLAD FIRE HILLS.—[Photographs by Judges, Ltd.]

something apart from the natural charm and beauty of the place to attract them. Just before the war a new wave of prosperity began. Contrary to early expectations, the war only enhanced this, as Hastings was well away from the beaten track of German aircraft. Since the war the town has progressed steadily and surely, is now entirely re-established in the estimation of the general public, and is, moreover, still forging ahead.

Great improvement schemes were started when the revival began, and the opening of the magnificent White Rock Pavilion by the Prince of Wales on April 6 marked their triumphant completion. These schemes, all concerned entirely with attractions, and leaving out of account any work connected with essential public services, involved an expenditure of well over half-a-million pounds. They included the reclamation of the White Rock

Grounds, now a delightful pleasure, two minutes' walk from the bandstand, and containing five Cumberland turf bowling greens (the finest in the South of England); a fine series of public tennis courts, both grass and all-weather; and scientifically constructed putting-greens covering 1½ acres. Further items in the schemes were the erection of the White Rock Pavilion at a

cost of approximately £100,000, and, facing it, the now famous music auditorium. The new Pavilion was badly needed. In spite of the absence of a suitable home for its winter music, the town, had built up, first under the late Julian Clifford and later under Basil Cameron, the present musical director, a worthy national reputation as a centre for good music all the year round. Now, with the Pavilion, musical developments hitherto impossible will be embarked upon. The summer bands will have a place to play in when the weather is bad, whilst the town will at last be able to entertain the biggest conferences. It is making a start in this direction in July, when it will be visited by the Royal Sanitary Institute.

The music auditorium is the finest of its kind around the coast. It has the special merit of adjoining the centre of the three-mile public promenade, and seats 4000 people—2000 under shelters. Private enterprise has admirably supported the Corporation's efforts. The principal improvements are the complete reconstruction of both golf courses in the town, and a magnificent new picture theatre seating 1500 people.

Sufficient has been told of modern developments in Hastings and St. Leonards to prove, as Mr. Frankfort Moore wrote in 1925, that "the place has had a notable past and will have a brilliant future." It is remarkable how many authors have settled in Hastings and the neighbourhood, and incidentally this fact is the finest possible tribute to the lure of the place, for authors are notably free to choose where they will live. Another well-known writer, Mr. Britten Austin, wrote last year: "I came to Hastings because I had a visual memory, dating from schooldays, of a ruined castle picturesquely silhouetted against an Italian-blue sky. I remain because each Christmas Day I have been here I have looked out of my dining-room window and seen roses in bloom upon my lawn."

Before the war Hastings had over 2000 empty houses; the post-war letting and selling of empty property has saved the ratepayers over £60,000.



BODIAM CASTLE, ONE OF THE FINEST MEDIAEVAL MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND: AN EXAMPLE OF THE MANY PLACES OF BEAUTY AND HISTORIC INTEREST IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF HASTINGS.

recall that this year is the ninth centenary of William the Conqueror's birth, and the event will be celebrated with due pomp in all the centres chiefly associated with this soldier-statesman who founded our nation as it is to-day. Calais and Rouen on the Continent, and Hastings in these isles, are planning big celebrations. The Hastings programme will probably take the form of *tableaux* on the lawn in the old Castle, followed by a pilgrimage to Battle, six miles distant, and a further series of *tableaux* in the grounds of the famous Abbey which William built there.

The town first rose to eminence as a fashionable resort towards the end of the eighteenth century, and is thus, regarded as a resort pure and simple, one of the oldest in Britain. Its popularity increased at a remarkable rate, as is evidenced by the fact that in 1801 its population was 3175, and in 1851 it had grown to 23,465. (It is 67,000 to-day.) Early in the nineteenth century fashionable St. Leonards was built at the western end of Hastings. It was planned by the famous architect Decimus Burton (who designed the bygone Colosseum in Regent's Park), and is still hailed by architects as one of the finest examples of town-planning extant. Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal Family often visited St. Leonards, which was the principal resort of fashion around the coast in the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties.

About a couple of decades before the war, when motor traffic began to develop, the beginnings of a decline manifested themselves. Hastings had thrived on "carriage folk," and



NET-MAKING AT HASTINGS: A CORNER OF THE UNSPOILT OLD TOWN, WHERE "FISHERFOLK STILL LIVE IN A LITTLE WORLD APART," DESCENDANTS OF "HARDY SEAFARERS WHO FOUGHT THE NORMAN AND BEAT THE SPANIARD."



SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVELL'S HOUSE (ON LEFT) AT HASTINGS: THE HOME OF THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL WHO FOUGHT IN THE BATTLES OFF BEACHY HEAD (1690), LA HOGUE (1692), AND AT THE STORMING OF GIBRALTAR (1704).

No more eloquent testimony could be needed of the reality of the town's prosperity. In fine, the revival is due to wise municipal and private enterprise, backed up by soundness of service and comfortable hotels with profiteering in any shape or form absolutely taboo.

My space is nearly ended, and many other things about Hastings and its environs—the delightful walks and drives to places of historic interest and natural beauty in the neighbourhood; the wonderful climatic advantages, including an unbeaten thirty-five years' sunshine record; the full amusements-round, both indoor and outdoor; and the long record of famous people who have loved this charming corner of England, from William the Conqueror and Thomas à Becket down to Charles Lamb and Turner—all these things must perforce pass unsung in this brief, fragmentary article.

Coulson Kernahan summed it all up when he wrote that Hastings was the "healthiest and happiest" resort he knows; and Sheila Kaye-Smith's inspired pen never wrote truer words than when she said of the surrounding countryside that: "It seems hardly to [Continued overleaf.]

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THIS delightful resort, replete with all modern comforts, is ideally situated in the heart of East Sussex, which is renowned alike for its typically English beauty and its historic associations. Battle Abbey, where Harold fell, mighty Bodiam Castle, and the "dream-towns" of Rye and Winchelsea are easily reached by motor-coach, through pleasant Sussex lanes. The Old Town, with its tortuous, ancient streets and quaint fishing village, overlooked by the great Castle, should be missed by no lover of old places. There is ample provision for all modern Amusements, including 100 public tennis courts, the finest bowls greens in Southern England, two good golf links, four good concert parties, and the most popular military bands, in the summer, or Basil Cameron's noted orchestra in the winter. The climate is the finest in Britain, being warm in winter and cool in summer.



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(The sketches above are by Ernest Coffin, for J. H. Gardner's book, "In the Footsteps of the Conqueror," to be published this year.)

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Continued.] belong to to-day, so old it is in quiet and unspoilt beauty." Such is Hastings. W. H. DYER.

One of the latest and really convincing proofs that Hastings is an ideal residential part of the country is the fact that the great Palace Hotel has been recently acquired by a company and transformed into magnificent flats, leaving the ball-room, grill-room, and lounges in their original capacities, backed by a splendid cuisine and service. These flats, which are quite self-contained, nearly all face the sea, and are within 200 yards of the Hastings pier and the main shopping centre. The view is magnificent, extending from the East Hill as far as Beachy Head on the west. Inside, every modern convenience and labour-saving device has been introduced in achieving the perfect flat. There are electric lifts, electric power in every room, and each flat is provided with a separate lift service for tradesmen. The servant question is obviated by the fact that meals may be obtained either in the restaurant or by service in the flats themselves. In spite of all these advantages, the rents are exceptionally moderate, ranging from £125 to £250 per annum, inclusive of rates and taxes. Communications to all parts of Sussex and Kent, by motor-bus or tram, start from the main entrance; but, owing to the new roadway which has been put down, the noise of the passing traffic is practically inappreciable. Briefly, everyone who is thinking of a healthy, pretty place by the sea in which to live, or perhaps stay for the summer months, will find here everything he could desire. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Palace Chambers Flats, Hastings.

From Easter until October there is a continual round of gaieties and interesting events taking place at Hastings. It needs a good hotel, however, to complete the perfect holiday, and the Queen's Hotel, situated on the sea front and facing due south, is an

ideal choice. Considerable alterations have now been made, and there is a luxurious lounge, a large ball-room, and a drawing-room and smoking-room, all of which face the sea. Another important addition to the hotel is the silver grill, under the charge of a well-known chef. Full details may be obtained on application.

The South Coast is a splendidly healthy part of

breezes during the summer term. The school, which is sixty-seven years old, consists of three spacious buildings built on sandstone rock, standing in three acres of grounds, which contain four tennis courts, grass and *en tout cas*, and has also two playing-fields. The staff is highly qualified, and the teaching throughout is on modern lines. Public examinations can be

taken in the ordinary course of the school routine, and individual attention is paid to backward girls. The fees are moderate, and full particulars may be obtained on application to Winchester House School, Highlands Lane, St. Leonards-on-Sea, of which the Principals are Miss Lilian Stratton, Miss Laura Beeforth, M.A., and Miss F. M. Mackrell, B.A.

Another excellent school for girls at St. Leonards is Somerville House, Cumberland Gardens, of which the Principals are Miss Johnstone and Miss Hillyard. It stands about 250 ft. above sea-level, and a large games field, tennis lawns, and gymnasium do their part in keeping the pupils healthy and active. The aim of the school is to give individual care and thought to all sides of a girl's life, and there is a particularly large staff to render this possible. Entire charge is taken of children whose parents are abroad, and the school is well known overseas. Full particulars of charges may be obtained on application.

One of the oldest breweries in the country is the Hythe Brewery, established in the reign of Charles II. and this is now the home of "Milk Stout," which contains all the beneficial carbo-hydrates of milk without altering the appearance or flavour of the stout in any way. It is obtainable practically all over the United Kingdom, and is excellent for everyone with a tendency to rheumatism. The introduction of the milk extract reduces to a very low minimum any rheumatism tendencies of

malt liquor. To Mackeson and Company must be placed the credit of the long experiments which have now proved so successful, and the Hythe Brewery celebrated its 240th anniversary by the introduction of this unique beverage.



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the country for schools, and there are many well-known institutions centred round Hastings. Winchester House School for girls at St. Leonards-on-Sea is situated on a particularly bracing spot, for it is 250 ft. above sea-level, and enjoys refreshing sea

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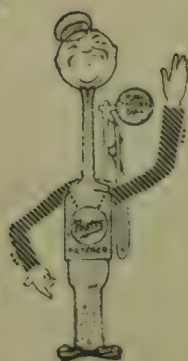


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A "TURNER" OF INDUSTRIAL "LANDSCAPE."**THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL.***(See Illustrations Elsewhere in this Number.)*

JOSEPH PENNELL only reached the end of an active and successful life last year, and the time has not yet come when any final judgment can be passed upon his work as a whole. But the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, paid a tribute to his memory by organising a memorial exhibition of his drawings, lithographs, and etchings, and issued at the same time a most enlightening and sympathetic account of the man by his widow, Elizabeth Robins Pennell, who was associated with her husband in many of his enterprises, notably—if memory serves me faithfully—with the admirably written and illustrated history of Lithography.

Mrs. Pennell writes charmingly of the early days of their marriage, of their rooms in Buckingham Street, Strand, and later in the Adelphi; of their journey in 1885 on their bicycles over the route of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." "They were years of innumerable commissions for illustrations, mostly taking him out of London. When he travelled then it was mostly by cycle, and cycling, when every unnecessary ounce in one's luggage is a calamity, throws almost insurmountable physical difficulties in the way of an etcher." Hence he took to pen-and-ink, and produced a succession of illustrations of places from the Hebrides to the Alps, from the Thames to the Rhone. "Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen" was his first technical book.

His early work was Whistlerish; later he developed a style of his own, of which, perhaps, the various plates of Toledo are as good examples as any. He was charmed by London and England—almost as charmed by the Thames as he was later by the marvellous ever-changing river scene of New York. There is a whole series of plates of London; another of the French cathedrals; and the particularly well-known one of Le Puy. Mrs. Pennell writes of Le Puy: "He was fascinated by that extraordinary landscape, by the strange formation of the volcanic peaks, each crowned with church or castle, chapel or statue; by the amusing pattern of road and river winding in and out and on to the enclosing hills."

He illustrated Maurice Hewlett's "Tuscan Road" and Marion Crawford's "Gleanings from Venetian History"; later, in 1905, Henry James's "Italian Hours." In 1908 he crossed the Atlantic to illustrate John C. Van Dyke's "The New New York." After that, says Mrs. Pennell, "The Wonder of Work" became his absorbing interest—and it is this phase,

perhaps, by which he will be best remembered. A very incomplete list includes "The Great Chimney, Bradford," "The Edgar Thomson Steel Works at Pittsburgh," "The Rebuilding of the Modern Pier, Dover," "The Dump at Seraing, Belgium," "The Cranes at Duisburg, Germany," "The Old and New Mills, Valenciennes"; and finally, in 1912, he transferred to paper his impressions of the vast work of cutting the Panama Canal—this last a series of lithographs.

"When the lithographs were exhibited in London some critics discovered poetry in them, the poetry of modern machinery. But nothing pleased him more than when engineers told him his machinery would work."

He travelled from Panama to Adelphi Terrace via the United States, working all the time; and then, in 1913, he went to Greece. He intended to go to Egypt in 1914, but the war came, and he drew the wonders of work in munition-factories. "To him they were propaganda for peace, unanswerable proofs of the evil in this waste of human energy and mechanical perfection that is called war."

Mrs. Pennell concludes: "The return to America had been in many ways a disappointment" (they returned in 1917): "the new America was not the old America he had known and loved and dreamed of coming back to. But sitting at his windows on Brooklyn Heights, he could forget. The America he saw from them was still to him home, and, so long as the beauty that made them home remains, I like to believe his name will be associated with it."

FRANK DAVIS.

THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE DESIRABLE RESIDENCE. By MARGARET REVELL. (Crosby Lockwood; 7s. 6d.)

This "Desirable Residence" is a realist novel of birth, marriage, and death in the suburban home. The house had an Ibsenish influence over its inhabitants. Edith Rentworth, who went to it as a bride, gave herself up to it, body and soul. She was the petty housewife, to whom spring cleaning was a more soulful affair than her children's happiness. She married a man who wanted to drop cigarette-ash on the carpet. Margaret Revell seems to think it was hard lines that he shouldn't. He wilted, and the son and daughters wilted, in the desirable residence; and in the end, when she was widowed and age creeping on, the family sold The Homestead and removed their mother to a flat, where she was bound

to be miserable for ever after. Whereby they showed as little sympathy and penetration as the unhappy lady. The book is a stark vision of the horrors of suburban respectability, and a severe indictment of the middle-class woman's ideals. Too severe, we think. Edith was stupid, and stupid she would have been in any walk of life. But Miss Revell's grip of her story is admirable.

TIN WEDDING. By MARGARET LEECH. (Arrow-smith; 7s. 6d.)

After ten years of marriage comes the tin wedding. It brought the shock of disillusion to Lucia Fanning, the shock of a sudden awakening. Lucia was an emotional but not, surely, a highly sensitive young woman. She was unprepared for the trouble, though it had been brewing for some time. She took Jay's fidelity for granted, with the trustfulness of a spoiled child. The Fannings were well-to-do New Yorkers. Their house and household were conventionally perfect, and nothing, when "Tin Wedding" begins, had disturbed Lucia's confidence that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Miss Leech describes the details of their home with a painstaking art—the dim Chinese painting in the library, the lovely colours and gracious fabrics, the heavy English table silver, the gardenias, the silent service. The world had been rifled to make the Fanning house. And so Lucia, deluded by so much good fortune, fell into presumption and the gods punished her. That is Miss Leech's story, told with much distinction. Is it a warning to wives? In any case, it is a finely written novel.

THE MISSING PIECE. By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

The chatty lady who rambles through the tale of the Deeping murder must be excused for impeding its progress: she is too entertaining not to be forgiven long-windedness. Besides, when the suspense she creates becomes unbearable, the detective story "fan" may skip and miss nothing material to the elucidation of the mystery. Aunt Celia is one of the best of Mrs. de Crespigny's bright creations. Perhaps the worthy spinster went rather far when she broke into a neighbour's house and hid in a cupboard behind his striped pyjamas, where the police sergeant found her. But nobody will be expected to take the people in "The Missing Piece" very seriously. It succeeds in combining some very amusing nonsense with one more variation on the popular theme of "Who did it?" And that is a very satisfactory achievement.

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THE DECADENCE OF IMPERIALISM.

(Continued from Page 688.)

other crises which will come in time. But if the reason for the crisis is now clear, where does its danger lie? There are pessimists who already see Asia regaining hold on herself, and organising herself to march upon Europe, to pillage and subjugate her, as she did in the days of the Mongolian invasions. Others content themselves with denouncing once more the Oriental peril; that is to say, a new attempt made by Asia to disorganise Europe by means far more of new doctrines than of revolts. These doctrines are often a curious mixture of European individualism and Oriental aspirations.

It is evident that this revolt of the world against Europe has injured and will injure legitimate and important interests. The Chinese Revolution has already inflicted enormous losses on Europe and America. It is easy to understand the present anxieties of Governments and Stock Exchanges. It is, however, less easy to understand the remoter anxieties of the philosophers. Is a general intellectual or military offensive of Asia against Europe really to be dreaded? Is that which is gradually nearing its end in the great disorder of these troubled years anything more than the privileged position created for Europe during the nineteenth century by certain favourable events and circumstances?

We were so accustomed to those exceptional privileges that we had ended by incorporating them in the eternal stability of the cosmic order. Now we begin to perceive that they belong to the universal instability of all human things, and we raise the alarm of an imminent catastrophe.

But we shall not see Europe under the yoke of Asia; we shall only see a certain number of illusions about the eternal duration of our power rather roughly rectified by reality.

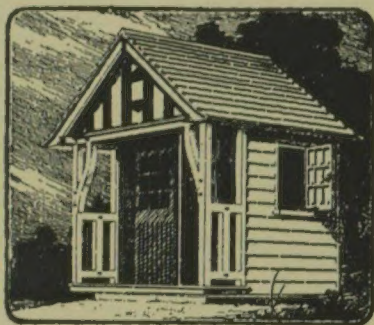
The dream that was dreamed by the victors of the World War, after their victory, was a splendid one. For one moment they thought themselves masters of Asia and Africa because they had beaten Germany on the Rhine. The illusion was justified by a century of dazzling successes. How many Utopias, even more fantastic than that of the League of Nations, did that illusion give birth to, in 1919, in the realistic brains of statesmen! But the more time passes, the more it becomes evident that, even as the wars of the Revolution and the Empire emancipated America, the World War has everywhere prodigiously shaken the imperial supremacy of Europe.

The great epoch of European Imperialism is nearing its end. The "snare" of which Lord Cromer spoke, which seemed destined to devour the universe, is beginning to lose its hold on its prey. Gradually everywhere Europe is obliged to take the defensive. She will be able to defend the positions which have been won, and the interests which pertain to those positions, long and brilliantly: but it seems unlikely that she will be able to create new empires or enlarge those which already exist. Everywhere our ideas and our example work against us. Our civilisation is a great school for work, daring, and energy; it is not a school for obedience.

The changes resulting from this crisis in the organisation of the world will be considerable. It is even probable that many of the peoples, in order to make themselves more independent of Europe, will fall for a time under

the domination of harder and more disordered Governments than the preceding ones. The political formula which we give to Asia and Africa are not easy to apply. There will be wars and difficulties of all kinds. But the wars and difficulties and the decadence of European Imperialism which is the cause of it, if they make us suffer, do not seem destined to displace in a decisive manner the equilibrium of the forces which govern the world to-day. We must not exaggerate the historical importance of this crisis. The strength of Europe does not lie in the extent of her possessions, for these are rather the effect than the cause of her energy; it lies in her ancient culture, in the high degree of human development which her individualism has attained, in the liberal institutions by which she is almost everywhere governed, in the power of her industry, in the happy audacity with which, up to the present, she has known how to combine the traditions of the old static, qualitative civilisations with the new dynamic spirit of the nineteenth century. So long as this force remains unexhausted, Europe will remain the great Europe, even if her possessions in the other continents are narrowed.

The world will be changed less than we suppose when it will contain a large number of great and small independent States, each of which will claim equal rights with all the others. Juridical independence will not exclude moral influence. The richer, more cultivated, and better-governed States will always exercise a great influence on the poorer, more backward, and worse-governed ones. That influence will be even more beneficent and deep if it does not possess the means of political domination.



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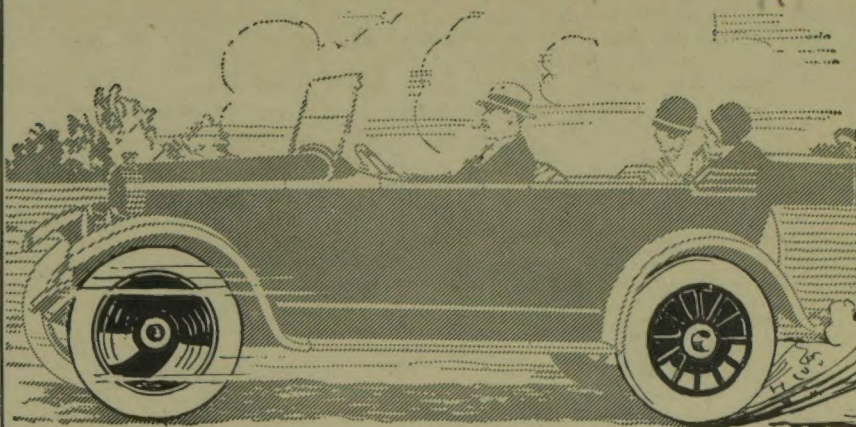
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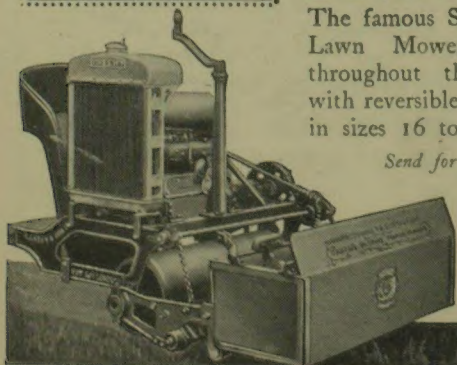
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